

THE MAGAZINE BY AND FOR

BONDAGE PEOPLE

bondage life

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER THREE • ADULTS ONLY • \$6.00

LD

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY!

THE MATERIAL
PUBLISHED IN
1916 THAT MAY
HAVE TRIGGERED
THE BONDAGE
OBSESSION OF
JOHN WILLIE!

PLUS THESE
EXLUSIVE
FEATURES:

Q AND A
INTERVIEW WITH
ERIC STANTON

NEW BOUND
BEAUTY ANNE
HARRIS

GUIDE FOR
BUYERS ★ MEDIA
REVIEWS



BATHING CAP
BONDAGE

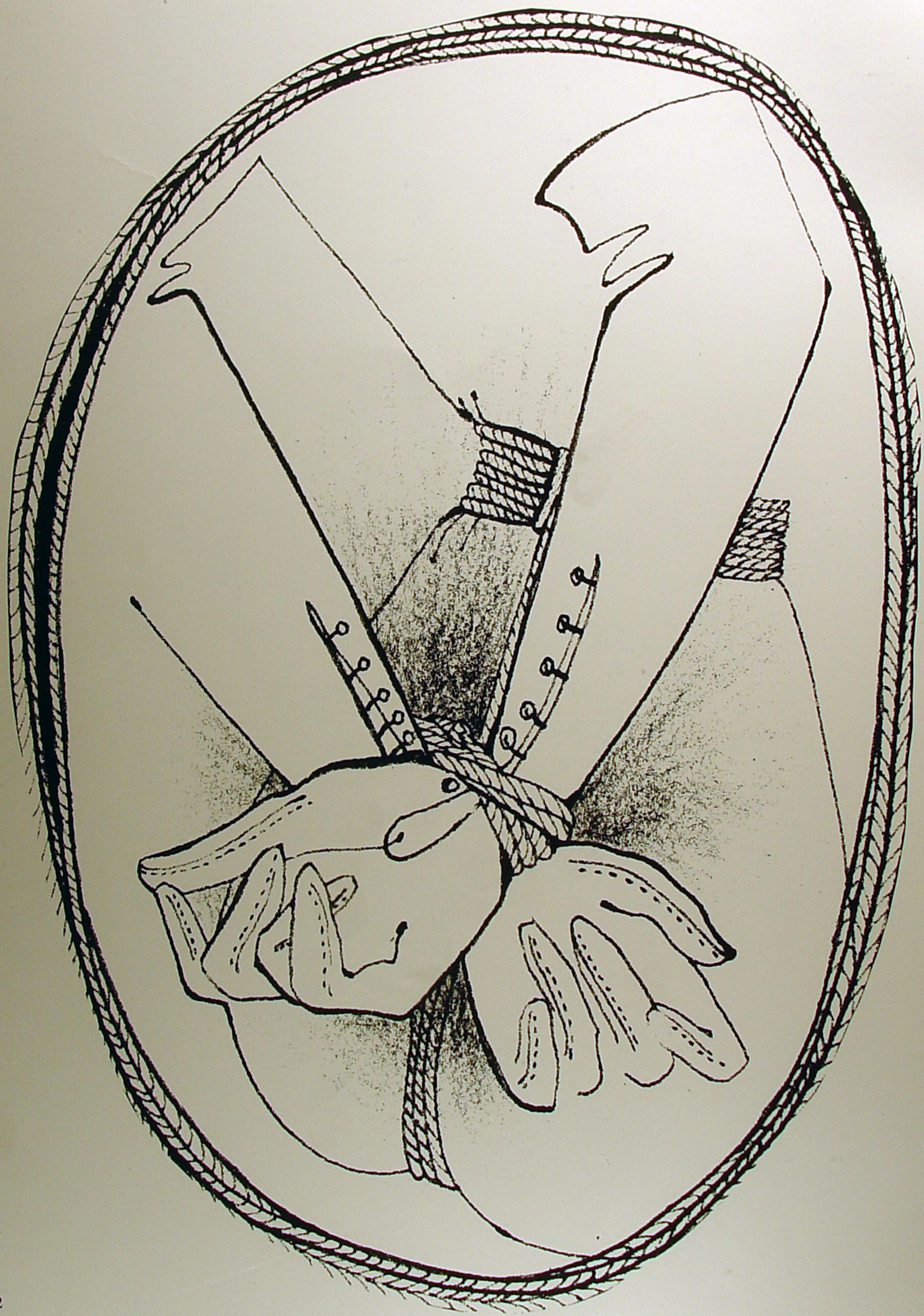
THE THRILLING
CLIMAX OF
"RONNIE"

NEW "BONDAGE
WIFE & BONDAGE
WAIF" SERIAL

TRUE LIFE
BONDAGE
MELODRAMMA IN
THE COURTROOM
CHERYL ROTHMAN
BONDAGE PHOTOS

OTHER NEW
PHOTOS AND
FEATURES

ALL MODELS ARE PROFESSIONAL
AND 18 YEARS OR OLDER —
PROOF ON FILE



Third Time Is A Charm!

Beat this third issue of *Bondage Life* if you can,
Bondage Lovers.

It's a beauty—great new models and photos, a riveting interview with Eric Stanton, some scintillating real-life bondage incidents, a little bondage lore of yore, plus our usual complement of features such as Guide for Buyers, Media Reviews and Bondage How-To Byliner by T.A.

But, we think the biggie this time is the sensational piece about English novelist A. E. W. Mason's probable impact on the 14-year-old psyche of John Willie, probably the most compelling bondage discovery of the century. In fact, it's just that kind of information *Bondage Life* has been hoping to extract and pass on to its readers since we got this notion about producing a *great* bondage magazine.

So, move through our pages and see for yourself that this is it—the *ultimate* bondage publication, an entertaining, informative and provocative magazine that you will hold onto and treasure for years, possibly decades to come.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS



bondage life

THE MAGAZINE BY AND FOR BONDAGE PEOPLE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER THREE, AUGUST 1978

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For The
People





New Bound Beauty Jennifer West

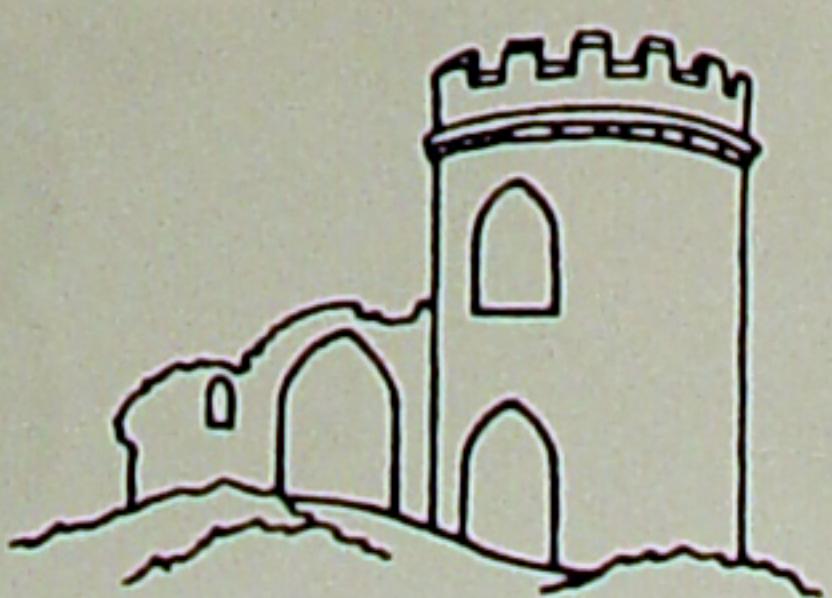


Our second Bound Beauty with that first name strikes us as a spiritual throwback to Irving Klaw's *Damsels in Distress* of a quarter-century ago. She is particularly reminiscent of the great Lois Meriden, in that she projects the same agreeability and personal warmth, no matter how tight she is tied. In fact, our bound lady was quite uncomfortable in these photos — the gag and ropes were extremely tight and the chair bit into her upper arms and thighs. We only kept her bound up and gagged like this for a few hours.

At the Villa Rose

By

A. E. W. MASON



ULVERSCROFT
Leicester

BREATHTAKING BONDAGE DISCOVERY!

IT MAY HAVE ALL BEGUN WITH MASON

EVIDENCE THAT THE WRITINGS OF A. E. W. MASON TRIGGERED JOHN WILLIE'S LOVE OF BONDAGE!

What follows may be the most significant find in the whole history of bondage. We have here excerpts from a novel written in 1916, in England, where John Willie lived as an impressionable 14-year-old. It is our conclusion, arrived at after due and deliberate consideration, that the beautifully inexorable bondage of Mlle. Celie, the heroine of A. E. W. Mason's *At the Villa Rose*, was read by Willie, that he was emotionally electrified by it and that the exquisite bondage sequence impressed his senses as extraordinarily beautiful and appealing.

In coming to your own conclusions as you ponder this suggested genesis of Willie's obsession with bondage, consider that the book was very popular in England in its day, particularly among young people. Consider also that it was easily available to young Willie, real name John Alexander Scott Coutts. Finally, keep in mind what you have already inferred of Willie's sensitivities and sexual inclinations from his own later words and pictures and consider how easily these particular sensitivities might have been stirred by Mason's literate bondage description.

After having read the Mason passages and the letter we received from an English gentleman, whose theory this originally was, study the two John Willie photographs we have selected to support our theory that young Coutts was indeed psychologically overwhelmed by Celie's long bondage ordeal. Is not the heroine in Willie's photo at left bound

exactly as the Celie in Mason's book? Are not her arms encased in gloves and then drawn tightly together and pinioned, both in the book and the photograph? Even the thumbs and little fingers are bound together, in book and picture. The one refinement added by Willie is the rope drawn tightly from the thumbs down to the rung of the chair.

Fine, but in that picture Celie is not dressed or gagged as Mason depicts her in the book. *But she is in the other picture!* There is the hat, the ropes are bound around her skirt exactly as Mason describes, and there is the very thick gag *thickly* knotted behind her head.

That Willie's photos so closely match Mason's descriptions cannot possibly be mere coincidence!

We find it conclusive. There is no doubt in our minds that Willie read the book when he was young and vulnerable to sexual impression and that Mason's well-crafted words flooded into his psyche and filled him with wonderful passion and pleasure. Certainly the book is well-written enough to titillate and make a lasting psychological impression.

Our English friend who contributed both the material and the theory has not to our knowledge seen the two photos we are using to support his theory, which is now ours also. When he does, he will be more convinced than ever that Mason's words, written 62 years ago, are the very

ones which exploded into Willie's psyche and ingrained him forever with his overwhelming passion for bondage.

Before getting on with the excerpts and the letter, we offer this final chilling possibility: had Willie not chanced upon Mason's book, would he have found himself gripped in his odd obsession? Perhaps not, in which depressing case there would not have been the genetic "Sweet Gwendoline," whose success helped induce Irving Klaw to turn into the bondage photo business. Without the evolution of bondage interest which was caused by the impact of Klaw's and Willie's careers, there would not be a bondage culture today, at least not as we know it.

More likely, we would all be sitting around in theaters and in front of our television sets, privately pining for some rare bondage scene...as our *only* source of what would then be a more carefully-guarded and certainly less-gratifying interest.

EXCERPT FROM THE LETTER

Here is a portion of the letter which arrived from England enclosed with the reproduced passages of the Mason book. Consider the perceptiveness of the writer, whose theory this is:

"It's not often one finds a leading author who is one of us. But all the clues are here—it's a carefully-detailed description of a really-skilled rope job, one of the longest bondage sequences I've ever read in a novel. The way she is bound and gagged—even her thumbs and fingers are tied. The way the rope bites through her stockings...the way the villains trick their helpless victim. There's absolutely *no* doubt that Mason was a bondage man! Indeed, some of the other Mason books, *The House of the Annew*, *The House in Lordship Square* and *They Wouldn't Be Chessmen* have useful bondage adventures involving the heroine, and several of the books I've not managed to find—they are all out of print.

"This was first published in 1916, right in the middle of the Great War. Fascinating to reflect how this Gent

from Victorian England got his knowledge of the very best way to bind and gag a wench, working up from childhood games, no doubt, like the rest of us. How many times, one wonders, did he practice this exact method on some tight-corsetted gullible young beauty—a secretary perhaps, or some dewy-eyed young debutante whom he'd allowed to read the manuscript 'Just to make sure it really does work—there—try to get free now, my dear. Now, let's try the gag!' Such a wonderful ploy, he must have used it.

"Fascinating, too, to remember that in 1916, John Willie, who was educated in England, was 14 years old. It's inconceivable that he would have missed it—what an effect it must have had on a young lad of our persuasion in those days! I can certainly remember the effect it had on me when I found it in our school library at the same age. I relished every stomach-churning word, and I had the Saturday-morning movie adventures of Lois Lane to satisfy my greed. This must have reduced young Coutts to a gibbering wreck!"



PHOTOS BY WILLIE

We offer these two black and white John Willie photographs as further evidence in support of our theory that Willie, as the young John Alexander Scott Coutts, was emotionally influenced by the bondage scene in A. E. W. Mason's *At the Villa Rose*, first published in 1916 when Coutts was 14 years old. Photo at left, in particular, is the exact situation in which Mlle. Celie, Mason's distressed heroine, finds herself. Consider the gloves she is wearing, the placement of the ropes, and the fact that even her thumbs and little fingers are bound together. In photo at right, Willie has emphasized Mlle. Celie's hat and thickly-knotted gag and wardrobe, if not the exact placement of bondage on her arms and wrists. These poses are such exact pictorializations of Mason's text description that no theory other than Mason's probable influence on Willie is acceptable.

At The Villa Rose

Excerpts

Published in 1950 (30th Impression) by Hodder & Stoughton, London.

But the amazing spectacle which kept him riveted was just in front of him. An old hag of a woman was sitting in a chair with her back towards them. She was mending with a big needle the holes in an old sack, and while she bent over her work she crooned to herself some French song. Every now and then she raised her eyes, for in front of her under her charge, Mlle. Célie, the girl of whom Hanaud was in search, lay helpless upon a sofa. The train of her delicate green frock swept the floor. She was dressed as Hélène Vauquier had described. Her gloved hands were tightly bound behind her back, her feet were crossed so that she could not have stood, and her ankles were cruelly strapped together. Over her face and eyes a piece of coarse sacking was stretched like a mask, and the ends were roughly sewn together at the back of her head. She lay so still that, but for the labouring of her bosom and a tremor which now and again shook her limbs, the watchers would have thought her dead. She made no struggle of resistance; she lay quiet and still. Once she writhed, but it was with the uneasiness of one in pain, and the moment she stirred the old woman's hand went out to a bright aluminium flask which stood on a little table at her side.

"Keep quiet, little one!" she ordered in a careless, chiding voice, and she rapped with the flask peremptorily upon the table. Immediately, as though the tapping had some strange message of terror for the girl's ear, she stiffened her whole body and lay rigid.

"I am not ready for you yet, little fool," said the old woman and she bent again to her work.

Ricardo's brain whirled. Here was the girl whom they had come to arrest, who had sprung from the salon with too much activity of youth across the stretch of grass, who had run so quickly and lightly across the pavement into this very house, so that she should not be seen. And now she was lying in her fine and delicate attire a captive, at the mercy of the very people who were her accomplices.

"And I shall be," said Adèle, "if—" She leaned forward in anxiety. She had come to the real necessity of Hélène Vauquier's plan. "If we abandon as quite laughable the cupboard door and the string across it; if, in a word, mademoiselle consents that we tie her hand and foot and fasten her securely in a chair. Such restraints are usual in the experiments of which I have read. Was there not a medium called Mlle. Cook who was secured in this way, and then

remarkable things, which I could not believe, were supposed to have happened?"

"Certainly I permit it," said Celia, with indifference; and Mme. Dauvray cried enthusiastically:

"Ah, you shall believe to-night in those wonderful things!"

Adèle Tacé leaned back. She drew a breath. It was a breath of relief.

"Then we will buy the cord in Aix," she said.

"We have some, no doubt, in the house," said Mme. Dauvray.

Adèle shook her head and smiled.

"My dear madame, you are dealing with a sceptic. I should not be content."

Celia shrugged her shoulders.

"Let us satisfy Mme. Rossignol," she said.

Celia, indeed, was not alarmed by this last precaution. For her it was a test less difficult than the light-coloured rustling robe. She had appeared upon so many platforms, had experienced too often the bungling efforts of spectators called up from the audience, to be in any fear. There were very few knots from which her small hands and supple fingers had not learnt long since to extricate themselves. She was aware how much in all these matters the personal equation counted. Men who might, perhaps, have been able to tie knots from which she could not get free were always too uncomfortable and self-conscious, or too afraid of hurting her white arms and wrists, to do it. Women, on the other hand, who had no compunctions of that kind, did not know how.

•

But Hélène did not hurry. The more irritable Mme. Dauvray became, the more impatient with Mlle. Célie, the less would Mlle. Célie dare to refuse the tests Adèle wished to impose upon her. But that was not all. She took a subtle and ironic pleasure to-night in decking out her victim's natural loveliness. Her face, her slender throat, her white shoulders, should look their prettiest, her grace of limb and figure would be more alluring than ever before. The same words, indeed, were running through both women's minds.

"For the last time," said Celia to herself, thinking of these horrible séances, of which to-night should see the end.

"For the last time," said Hélène Vauquier too. For the last time she laced the girl's dress. There we be no more patient and careful service for Mlle. Célie after to-night. But she should have it and to spare to-night. She should be conscious that her beauty had never made so strong an appeal; that she was never so fit for life as at the moment when the end had come. One thing Hélène regretted. She would have liked Celia—Celia, smiling at herself in the glass—to know suddenly what was in store for her! She saw in imagination the color die from the cheeks, the eyes stare wide with terror.

"Célie! Célie!"

Again the impatient voice rang up the stairs as Hélène pinned the girl's hat upon her fair head. Célie sprang up, took a quick step or two towards the door, and stopped in dismay. The swish of her long satin train must betray her. She caught up the dress and tried again. Even so, the rustle of it was heard.

"I shall have to be very careful. You will help me, Hélène?"

"Of course, mademoiselle. I will sit underneath the switch of the light in the salon. If madame, your visitor, makes the experiment too difficult, I will find a way to help you," said Hélène Vauquier, and as she spoke she handed Celia a long

pair of white gloves.

"I shall not want them," said Celia

"Mme. Dauvray ordered me to give them to you," replied Hélène.

Celia took them hurriedly, picked up a white scarf of tulle, and ran down the stairs. Hélène Vauquier listened at the door and heard madame's voice in feverish anger.

"We have been waiting for you, Célie. You have been an age."

Hélène Vauquier laughed softly to herself, took out Celia's white frock from the wardrobe, turned off the lights, and followed her down the hall. She placed the cloak just outside the door of the salon. Then she carefully turned out all the lights in the hall and in the kitchen and went into the salon. The rest of the house was in darkness. This room was brightly lit; and it had been made ready.

•

HÉLÈNE VAUQUIER locked the door of the salon upon the inside and placed the key upon the mantleshelf, as she had always done whenever a séance had been held. The curtains had been loosened at the sides of the arched recess in front of the glass doors, ready to be drawn across. Inside the recess, against one of the pillars which supported the arch, a high stool without a back, taken from the hall, had been placed, and the back legs of the stool had been lashed with cord firmly to the pillar, so that it could not be moved. The round table had been put in position, with three chairs about it. Mme. Dauvray waited impatiently. Celia stood apparently unconcerned, apparently lost to all that was going on. Her eyes saw no one. Adèle looked up at Celia, and laughed maliciously.

"Mademoiselle, I see, is in the very mood to produce the most wonderful phenomena. But it will be better, I think, madame," she said, turning to Mme. Dauvray, "that Mlle. Célie should put on those gloves which I see she has thrown on to a chair. It will be a little more difficult for mademoiselle to loosen these cords, should she wish to do so."

The argument silenced Celia. If she refused this condition now she would excite Mme. Dauvray to a terrible suspicion. She drew on her gloves ruefully and slowly, smoothed them over her elbows, and buttoned them. To free her hands with her fingers and wrists already hampered in gloves would not be so easy a task. But there was no escape. Adèle Rossignol was watching her with a stivic smile. Mme. Dauvray was urging her to be quick. Obeying a second order the girl raised her skirt and extended a slim foot in a pale-green silk stocking and a satin slipper to match. Adèle was content. Celia was wearing the shoes she was meant to wear. They were made upon the very same last as those which Celia had just kicked off upstairs. An almost imperceptible nod from Hélène Vauquier, moreover, assured her.

She took up a length of the thin cord.

"Now, how are we to begin?" she said awkwardly. "I think I will ask you, mademoiselle, to put your hands behind you."

Celia turned her back and crossed her wrists. She stood in her satin frock, with her white arms and shoulders bare, her slender throat supporting her small head with its heavy curls, her big hat—a picture of young grace and beauty. She would have had an easy task that night had there been men instead of women to put her to the test. But the women were intent upon their own ends: Mme. Dauvray, eager for the séance, Adèle Tacé and Hélène Vauquier for the climax of their plot.

Celia clenched her hands to make the muscles of her wrists rigid to resist the pressure of the cord. Adèle quietly unclasped them and placed them palm to palm. And at once Celia became uneasy. It was not merely the action, significant though it was of Adèle's alertness to thwart her, which troubled Celia. But she was extraordinarily receptive of impressions, extra-ordinarily quick to feel, from a touch, some dim sensation of the thought of the one who touched her. So now the touch of Adèle's swift, strong, nervous hands caused her a queer, vague shock of discomfort. It was no more than that at the moment, but it was quite definite as that.

"Keep your hands so, please, mademoiselle," said Adèle; "your fingers loose."

And the next moment Celia winced and had to bite her lip to prevent a cry. The thin cord was wound twice about her wrists, drawn cruelly tight and then cunningly knotted. For one second Celia was thankful for her gloves; the next, more than ever she regretted that she wore them. It would have been difficult enough for her to free her hands now, even without them. And upon that a worse thing befell her.

"I beg mademoiselle's pardon if I hurt her," said Adèle.

And she tied the girl's thumbs and little fingers. To slacken the knots she must have the use of her fingers, even though her gloves made them fumble. Now she had lost the use of them altogether. She began to feel that she was in master-hands. She was sure of it the next instant. For Adèle stood up, and, passing a cord round the upper part of her arms, drew her elbows back. To bring any strength to help her in wriggling her hands free she must be able to raise her elbows. With them trussed in the small of her back she was robbed entirely of her strength. And all the time her strange uneasiness grew. She made a movement of revolt, and at once the cord was loosened.

"Mlle Célie objects to my tests," said Adèle, with a laugh, to Mme. Dauvray. "And I do not wonder."

Celia saw upon the old woman's foolish and excited face a look of veritable consternation.

"Are you afraid, Célie?" she asked.

There was anger, there was menace in the voice, but above all these there was fear—fear that her illusions were to tumble about her. Celia heard that note and was quelled by it. This folly of belief, these séances, were the one touch of colour in Mme. Dauvray's life. And it was just that instinctive need of colour which had made her so easy to delude. How strong the need is, how seductive the proposal to supply it, Celia knew well. She knew it from the experience of her life when the Great Fortinbras was at the climax of his fortunes. She had travelled much amongst monotonous, drab towns without character or amusements. She had kept her eyes open. She had seen that it was from the denizens of the dull streets in these town that the quack religious won their recruits. Mme. Dauvray's life had been a featureless sort of affair until these experiments had come to colour it. Madame Dauvray must at any rate preserve the memory of that colour.

"No," she said boldly; "I am not afraid," and after that she moved no more.

Her elbows were drawn firmly back and tightly bound. She was sure she could not free them. She glanced in despair at Hélène Vauquier, and then some glimmer of hope sprang up. For Hélène Vauquier gave her a look, a smile of reassurance. It was as if she said, "I will come to your help." Then, to make security still more sure, Adèle turned the girl about as unceremoniously as if she had been a doll, and, passing a cord at the back of her arms, drew both ends round in front

and knotted them at her waist.

"Now, Célie," said Adèle, with a vibration in her voice which Celia had not remarked before.

Excitement was gaining upon her, as upon Mme. Dauvray. Her face was flushed and shiny, her manner peremptory and quick. Celia's uneasiness grew into fear. She could have used the words which Hanaud spoke the next day in that very room—"There is something here which I do not understand." The touch of Adèle Tacé's hands communicated something to her—something which filled her with a vague alarm. She could not have formulated it if she would; she dared not if she could. She had but to stand and submit.

"Now," said Adèle.

She took the girl by the shoulders and set her in a clear space in the middle of the room, her back to the recess, her face to the mirror, where all could see her.

"Now, Célie"—she had dropped the "Mlle." and the ironic suavity of her manner—"try to free yourself."

For a moment the girl's shoulders worked, her hands fluttered. But they remained helplessly bound.

"Ah, you will be content, Adèle, to-night," cried Mme. Dauvray eagerly.

But even in the midst of her eagerness—so thoroughly had she been prepared—there lingered a flavour of doubt, of suspicion. In Celia's mind there was still the one desperate resolve.

"I must succeed to-night," she said to herself—"I must!"

Adèle Rossignol kneeled on the floor behind her. She gathered in carefully the girl's frock. Then she picked up the long train, wound it tightly round her limbs, pinioning and swathing them in the folds of satin, and secured the folds with a cord about the knees.

She stood up again.

With Hélène Vauquier to support her if she fell, Celia took a tiny shuffling step forward, feeling supremely ridiculous. No one, however, of her audience was inclined to laugh. To Mme. Dauvray the whole business was as serious as the most solemn ceremonial. Adèle was intent upon making her knots secure. Hélène Vauquier was the well-bred servant who knew her place. It was not for her to laugh at her young mistress, in however ludicrous a situation she might be.

"Now," said Adèle, "we will tie mademoiselle's ankles, and then we shall be ready for Mme. de Montespan."

The raillery in her voice had a note of savagery in it now. Celia's vague terror grew. She had a feeling that a beast was waking in the woman, and with it came a growing premonition of failure. Vainly she cried to herself, "I must not fail to-night." But she felt instinctively that there was a stronger personality than her own in that room, taming her, condemning her to failure, influencing the others.

She was placed in a chair. Adèle passed a cord round her ankles, and the mere touch of it quickened Celia to a spasm of revolt. Her last little remnant of liberty was being taken from her. She raised herself, or rather would have raised herself. But Hélène with gentle hands held her in the chair, and whispered under her breath:

"Have no fear! Madame is watching."

Adèle looked fiercely up into the girl's face.

"Keep still, *hein, la petite!*" she cried. And the epithet—"little one"—was a light to Celia. Till now, upon these occasions, with her black ceremonial dress, her air of aloofness, her vague eyes, and the dignity of her carriage, she had already produced some part of their effect before the séance had begun. She had been wont to sail into the room,

distant, mystical. She had her audience already expectant of mysteries, prepared for marvels. Her work was already half done. But now of all that help she was deprived. She was no longer a person aloof, a prophetess, a seer of visions; she was simply a smartly-dressed girl of to-day, trussed up in a ridiculous and painful position—that was all. The dignity was gone. And the more she realized that, the more she was hindered from influencing her audience, the less able she was to concentrate her mind upon them, to will them to favour her. Mme. Dauvray's suspicions, she was sure, were still awake. She could not quell them. There was a stronger personality than hers at work in the room. The cord bit through her thin stockings into her ankles. She dared not complain. It was savagely tied. She made no remonstrance. And then Hélène Vauquier's arms, with her delicate frock ludicrously swathed and swaddled about her legs. But, again, of those who watched her no one smiled.

"We have had no such tests as these," Mme. Dauvray explained, half in fear, half in hope.

Adèle Rossignol looked the girl over and nodded her head with satisfaction. She had no animosity towards Celia; she had really no feeling of any kind for her or against her. Fortunately she was unaware at this time that Harry Wethermill had been paying his court to her or it would have gone worse with Mlle. Célie before the night was out. Mlle. Célie was just a pawn in a very dangerous game which she happened to be playing, and she had succeeded in engineering her pawn into the desired condition of helplessness. She was content.

"Mademoiselle," she said, with a smile, "you wish me to believe. You have now your opportunity."

Opportunity! And she was helpless. She knew very well that she could never free herself from these cords without Hélène's help. She would fail, miserably and shamefully fail.

"It was madame who wished you to believe," she stammered.

And Adèle Rossignol laughed suddenly—a short, loud, harsh laugh, which jarred upon the quiet of the room. It turned Celia's vague alarm into a definite terror. Some magnetic current brought her grave messages of fear. The air about her seemed to tingle with strange menaces. She looked at Adèle. Did they emanate from her? And her terror answered her "Yes." She made her mistake in that. The strong personality in the room was not Adèle Rossignol, but Hélène Vauquier, who held her like a child in her arms. But she was definitely aware of danger, and too late aware of it. She struggled vainly. From her head to her feet she was powerless. She cried out hysterically to her patron:

"Madame! Madame! There is something—a presence here—someone who means harm! I know it!"

And upon the old woman's face there came a look, not of alarm, but of extraordinary relief. The genuine, heartfelt cry restored her confidence in Celia.

"Someone—who means harm!" she whispered, trembling with excitement.

"Ah, mademoiselle is already under control," said Hélène, using the jargon which she had learnt from Celia's lips.

Adèle Rossignol grinned.

"Yes, *la petite* is under control," she repeated, with a sneer; and all the elegance of her velvet gown was unable to hide her any longer from Celia's knowledge. Her grin had betrayed her. She was of the dregs. But Hélène Vauquier whispered:

"Keep still mademoiselle. I shall help you."

Vauquier carried the girl into the recess and placed her

upon the stool. With a long cord Adèle bound her by the arms and the waist to the pillar, and her ankles she fastened to the rung of the stool, so that they could not touch the ground.

"Thus we shall be sure that when we hear rapping it will be the spirits, and not the heels, which rap," she said. "Yes, I am contented now." And she added, with a smile, "Célie may even have her scarf," and picking up a white scarf of tulle which Celia had brought down with her, she placed it carelessly round her shoulders.

"Wait!" Hélène Vauquier whispered in Celia's ear.

To the cord about Celia's waist Adèle was fastening a longer line.

"I shall keep my foot on the other end of this," she said, "when the lights are out, and I shall know then if our little one frees herself."

The three women went out of the recess. And the next moment the heavy silk curtains swung across the opening, leaving Celia in darkness. Quickly and noiselessly the poor girl began to twist and work her hands. But she only bruised her wrists. This was to be the last of the séances. But it must succeed! So much of Mme. Dauvray's happiness, so much of her own, hung upon its success. Let her fail to-night, she would be surely turned from the door. The story of her trickery and her exposure would run through Aix. And she had not told Harry! It would reach his ears from others. He would never forgive her. To face the old, difficult life of poverty and perhaps starvation again, and again alone, would be hard enough; but to face it with Harry Wethermill's contempt added to its burdens—as the poor girl believed she surely would have to do—no, that would be impossible! Not this time would she turn away from the Seine because it was so terrible and cold. If she had had the courage to tell him yesterday, he would have forgiven, surely he would! The tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. What would become of her now? She was in pain besides. The cords around her arms and ankles tortured her. And she feared—yes, desperately she feared the effect of the exposure upon Mme. Dauvray. She had been treated as a daughter; now she was in return to rob Mme. Dauvray of the belief which had become the passion of her life.

"Let us take our seats at the table," she heard Mme. Dauvray say. "Hélène, you are by the switch of the electric light. Will you turn it off?" And upon that Hélène whispered, yet so that the whisper reached to Celia and awakened hope:

"Wait! I will see what she is doing."

The curtains opened, and Hélène Vauquier slipped to the girl's side.

Celia checked her tears. She smiled imploringly, gratefully.

"What shall I do?" asked Hélène, in a voice so low that the movement of her mouth rather than the words made the question clear.

Celia raised her head to answer. And then a thing incomprehensible to her happened. As she opened her lips Hélène Vauquier swiftly forced a handkerchief in between the girl's teeth, and lifting the scarf from her shoulders wound it tightly twice across her mouth, binding her lips, and made it fast under the brim of her hat behind her head. Celia tried to scream; she could not utter a sound. She stared at Hélène with incredulous, horror-stricken eyes. Hélène nodded at her with a cruel grin of satisfaction, and Celia realized, though she did not understand, something of the rancour and the hatred which seethed against her in the heart of the woman

whom she had supplanted. Hélène Vauquier meant to expose her to-night; Celia had no doubt of it. That was her explanation of Hélène Vauquier's treachery; and believing that error, she believed yet another—that she had reached the terrible climax of her troubles. She was only at the beginning of them.

"Hélène!" cried Mme Dauvray sharply. "What are you doing?"

The maid instantly slid back into the room.

"Mademoiselle has not moved," she said.

Celia heard the women settle in their chairs about the table.

"Is madame ready?" asked Hélène; and then there was the sound of the snap of a switch. In the salon darkness had come.

If only she had not been wearing her gloves, Celia thought, she might possibly have just been able to free her fingers and her supple hands from their bonds. But as it was she was helpless. She could only sit and wait until the audience in the salon grew tired of waiting and came to her. She closed her eyes, pondering if by any chance she could excuse her failure. But her heart sank within her as she thought of Mme. Rossignol's raillery. No, it was all over for her...

She opened her eyes, and she wondered. It seemed to her that there was more light in the recess than there had been when she closed them. Very likely her eyes were growing used to the darkness. Yet—yet—she ought not to be able to distinguish quite so clearly the white pillar opposite to her. She looked towards the glass doors and understood. The wooden shutters outside the doors were not quite closed. They had been carelessly left unbolted. A chink from lintel to floor let in a grey thread of light. Celia heard the women whispering in the salon, and turned her head to catch the words.

"Do you hear any sound?"

"No"

"Was that a hand which touched me?"

"No."

"We must wait."

And so silence came again, and suddenly there was quite a rush of light into the recess. Celia was startled. She turned her head back again towards the window. The wooden door had swung a little more open. There was a wider chink to let the twilight of that starlit darkness through. And as she looked, the chink slowly broadened and broadened, the door swung slowly back on hinges which were strangely silent. Celia stared at the widening panel of grey light with a vague terror. It was strange that she could hear no whisper of wind in the garden. Why, oh, why was that latticed door opening so noiselessly? Almost she believed that the spirits after all... And suddenly the recess darkened again, and Celia sat with her heart leaping and shivering in her breast. There was something black against the glass doors—a man. He had appeared as silently, as suddenly, as any apparition. He stood blocking out the light, pressing his face against the glass, peering into the room. For a moment the shock or horror stunned her. Then she tore frantically at the cords. All thought of failure, of exposure, of dismissal had fled from her. The three poor women—that was her thought—were sitting, unwarned, unsuspecting, defenceless in the pitch-blackness of the salon. A few feet away a man, a thief, was peering in. They were waiting for strange things to happen in the darkness. Strange and terrible things would happen unless she could free herself, unless she could warn them.

And she could not. Her struggles were mere efforts to struggle, futile, a shiver from head to foot, and noiseless as a shiver. Adèle Rossignol had done her work well and thoroughly. Celia's arms, her waist, her ankles were pinioned; only the bandage over her mouth seemed to be loosening. Then upon horror, horror was added. The man touched the glass doors, and they swung silently inwards. They, too, had been carelessly left unbolted. The man stepped without a sound over the sill into the room. And, as he stepped, fear for herself drove out for the moment from Celia's thoughts fear for the three women in the black room. If only he did not see her! She pressed herself against the pillar. He might overlook her, perhaps! His eyes would not be so accustomed to the darkness of the recess as hers. He might pass her unnoticed—if only he did not touch some fold of her dress.

And then, in the midst of her terror, she experienced so great a revulsion from despair to joy that a faintness came upon her, and she almost swooned. She saw who the intruder was. For when he stepped into the recess he turned towards her, and the dim light struck upon him and showed her the contour of his face. It was her lover, Harry Wethermill. Why he had come at this hour, and in this strange way, she did not consider. Now she must attract his eyes, now her fear was lest he should not see her.

But he came at once straight towards her. He stood in front of her, looking into her eyes. But he uttered no cry. He made no movement of surprise. Celia did not understand it. His face was in the shadow now and she could not see it. Of course, he was stunned, amazed. But—but—he stood almost as if he had expected to find her there and just in that helpless attitude. It was absurd, of course, but he seemed to look upon her helplessness as nothing out of the ordinary way. And he raised no hand to set her free. A chill struck through her. But the next moment he did raise his hand and the blood flowed again at her heart. Of course, she was in the darkness. He had not seen her plight. Even now he was only beginning to be aware of it. For his hand touched the bandage over her mouth—tentatively. He felt for the knot under the broad brim of her hat at the back of her head. He found it. In a moment she would be free. She kept her head quite still, and then—why was he so long? she asked herself. Oh, it was not possible! But her heart seemed to stop, and she knew that it was only possible—it was true; he was tightening the scarf, not loosening it. The folds bound her lips more securely. She felt the ends drawn close at the back of her head. In a frenzy she tried to shake her head free. But he held her face firmly and finished his work. He was wearing gloves, she noticed with horror, just as thieves do. Then his hands slid down her trembling arms and tested the cord about her wrists. There was something horribly deliberate about his movements. Celia, even at that moment, even with him, had the sensation which had possessed her in the salon. It was the personal equation on which she was used to rely. But neither Adèle nor this—this *stranger* was considering her as even a human being. She was a pawn in their game, and they used her, careless of her terror, her beauty, her pain. Then he freed from her waist the long cord which ran beneath the curtain to Adèle Rossignol's foot. Celia's first thought was one of relief. He would jerk the cord unwittingly. They would come into the recess and see him. And then the real truth flashed in upon her blindingly. He had jerked the cord, but he had jerked it deliberately. He was already winding it up in a coil as it slid noiselessly across the

polished floor beneath the curtains towards him. He had given a signal to Adèle Rossignol. All that woman's scepticism and precaution against trickery had been a mere blind, under cover of which she had been able to pack the girl away securely without arousing her suspicions. Hélène Vauquier was in the plot, too. The scarf at Celia's mouth was proof of that. As if to add proof to proof, she heard Adèle Rossignol speak in answer to the signal.

The two women stood and looked at her; and then Adèle Rossignol burst out laughing. Vauquier approached the girl, and Celia had a moment's hope that she meant to free her altogether, but she only loosed the cords which fixed her to the pillar and the high stool.

"Mademoiselle will pardon me for laughing," said Adèle Rossignol politely; "but it was mademoiselle who invited me to try my hand. And really, for so smart a young lady, mademoiselle does look ridiculous."

She lifted the girl up and carried her back writhing and struggling into the salon. The whole of the pretty room was within view, but in the embrasure of a window something lay dreadfully still and quiet. Celia held her head averted. But it was there, and, though it was there, all the while the women joked and laughed, Adèle Rossignol feverishly, Hélène Vauquier with a real glee most horrible to see.

"I beg mademoiselle not to listen to what Adèle is saying," exclaimed Hélène. And she began to ape in a mincing, extravagant fashion the manner of a saleswoman in a shop. "Mademoiselle has never looked so ravishing. This style is the last word of fashion. It is what there is of most *chic*. Of course, mademoiselle understands that the costume is not intended for playing the piano. Nor, indeed, for the ballroom. It leaps to one's eyes that dancing would be difficult. Nor is it intended for much conversation. It is a costume for a mood of quiet reflection. But I assure mademoiselle that for pretty young ladies who are the favourites of rich old women it is the style most-recommended by the criminal classes."

All the woman's bitter rancour against Celia, hidden for months beneath a mask of humility, burst out and ran riot now. She went to Adèle Rossignol's help, and they flung the girl face downwards upon the sofa. Her face struck the cushion at one end, her feet the cushion at the other. The breath was struck out of her body. She lay with her bosom heaving.

Hélène Vauquier watched her for a moment with a grin, paying herself now for her respectful speeches and attendance.

"Yes, lie quietly and reflect, little fool!" she said savagely. "Were you wise to come here and interfere with Hélène Vauquier? Hadn't you better have stayed and danced in your rags at Montmartre? Are the smart frocks and the pretty hats and the good dinners worth the price? Ask yourself these questions, my dainty little friend!"

She drew up a chair to Celia's side, and sat down upon it comfortably.

"I will tell you what we are going to do with you, Mlle. Célie. Adèle Rossignol and that kind gentleman, M. Wethermill, are going to take you away with them. You will be glad to go, won't you, dearie? For you love M. Wethermill, don't you? Oh, they won't keep you long enough for you to get tired of them. Do not fear! But you will not come back, Mlle. Célie. No; you have seen too much to-night. And everyone will think that Mlle. Célie helped to murder and rob her benefactress. They are certain to suspect someone, so

why not you, pretty one?"

Celia made no movement. She lay trying to believe that no crime had been committed, that that lifeless body did not lie against the wall. And then she heard in the room above a bed wheeled roughly from its place.

The two women heard it too, and looked at one another.

"He should look in the safe," said Vauquier. "Go and see what he is doing."

And Adèle Rossignol ran from the room.

As soon as she was gone Vauquier followed to the door, listened, closed it gently, and came back. She stooped down.

"Mlle. Célie," she said, in a smooth, silky voice, which terrified the girl more than her harsh tones, "there is just one little thing wrong in your appearance, one tiny little piece of bad taste, if mademoiselle will pardon a poor servant the expression. I did not mention it before Adèle Rossignol; she is so severe in her criticism, is she not? But since we are alone, I will presume to point out to mademoiselle that those diamond eardrops which I see peeping out under the scarf are a little ostentatious in her present predicament. They are a provocation to thieves. Will mademoiselle permit me to remove them?"

She caught her by the neck and lifted her up. She pushed the lace scarf up at the side of Celia's head. Celia began to struggle furiously, convulsively. She kicked and writhed, and a little tearing sound was heard. One of her shoe-buckles had caught in the thin silk covering of the cushion and slit it. Hélène Vauquier let her fall. She felt composedly in her pocket, and drew from it an aluminum flask—the same flask which Lemerre was afterward to snatch up in the bedroom in Geneva. Celia stared at her in dread. She saw the flask flashing in the light. She shrank from it. She wondered what new horror was to grip her. Hélène unscrewed the top and laughed pleasantly.

"Mlle. Célie is under control," she said. "We shall have to each her that it is not polite in young ladies to kick." She pressed Celia down with a hand upon her back, and her voice changed. "Lie still," she commanded savagely. "Do you hear? Do you know what this is, Mlle. Célie?" And she held the flask toward the girl's face. "This is vitriol, my pretty one. Move, and I'll spoil those smooth white shoulders for you. How would you like that?"

Celia shuddered from head to foot, and, burying her face in the cushion, lay trembling. She would have begged for death upon her knees rather than suffer this horror. She felt Vauquier's fingers lingering with a dreadful caressing touch upon her shoulders and about her throat. She was within an ace of the torture, the disfigurement, and she knew it. She could not pray for mercy. She could only lie quite still, as she was bidden, trying to control the shuddering of her limbs and body.

"It would be a good lesson for Mlle. Célie," Hélène continued slowly. "I think that if Mlle. Célie will forgive the liberty I ought to inflict it. One little tilt of the flask and the satin of these pretty shoulders—"

She broke off suddenly and listened. Some sound heard outside had given Celia a respite, perhaps more than a respite. Hélène set the flask down upon the table. Her avarice had got the better of her hatred. She roughly plucked the earrings out of the girl's ears. She hid them quickly in the bosom of her dress with her eyes upon the door. She did not see a drop of blood gather upon the lobe of Celia's ear and fall into the cushion on which her face was pressed. She had hardly hidden them away before the door opened and Adèle

Rossignol burst into the room.

He cautiously opened the latticed door of the window, listened for a moment, and ran silently down the drive. Adèle closed the door again, but she did not bolt it. She came back into the room; she looked at Celia, as she lay back upon the settee, with a long glance of indecision. And then, to Celia's surprise—for she had given up all hope—the indecision in her eyes became pity. She suddenly ran across the room and knelt down before Celia. With quick and feverish hands she untied the cord which fastened the train of her skirt about her knees.

At first Celia shrank away, fearing some new cruelty. But Adèle's voice came to her ears, speaking—and speaking with remorse.

"I can't endure it!" she whispered. "You are so young—too young to be killed."

The tears were rolling down Celia's cheeks. Her face was pitiful and beseeching.

"Don't look at me like that, for God's sake, child!" Adèle went on, and she chafed the girl's ankles for a moment.

"Can you stand?" she asked.

Celia nodded her head gratefully. After all, then, she was not to die. It seemed to her hardly possible. But before she could rise a subdued whirr of machinery penetrated into the room and the motor-car came slowly to the front of the villa.

"Keep still!" said Adèle hurriedly, and she placed herself in front of Celia.

Wethermill opened the wooden door, while Celia's heart raced in her bosom.

"I will go down and open the gate," he whispered. "Are you ready?"

"Yes."

Wethermill disappeared; and this time he left the door open. Adèle helped Celia to her feet. For a moment she tottered; then she stood firm.

"Now run!" whispered Adèle. "Run, child, for your life!"

Celia did not stop to think whether she should run, or how she should escape from Wethermill's search. She could not ask that her lips and her hands might be freed. She had but a few seconds. She had one thought—to hide herself in the darkness of the garden. Celia fled across the room, sprang widely over the sill, ran, tripped over her skirt, steadied herself, and was swung off the ground by the arms of Harry Wethermill.

"There we are," he said, with his shrill wavering laugh. "I opened the gate before." And suddenly Celia hung inert in his arms.

The light went out in the salon. Adèle Rossignol, carrying Celia's cloak, stepped out at the side of the window.

"She has fainted," said Wethermill. "Wipe the mould off her shoes and off yours too—carefully. I don't want them to think this car has been out of the garage at all."

Adèle stooped and obeyed. Wethermill opened the door of the car and flung Celia into a seat. Adèle followed and took her seat opposite the girl. Wethermill stepped carefully again onto the grass, and with the toe of his shoe scraped up and ploughed the impressions which he and Adèle Rossignol had made on the ground, leaving those which Celia had made. He came back to the window.

"She has left her footmarks clear enough," he whispered. "There will be no doubt in the morning that she went of her own free will." □

THE BOUND BEAUTIES OF HARMONY

(At Their Colorful Best)

ANNE HARRIS



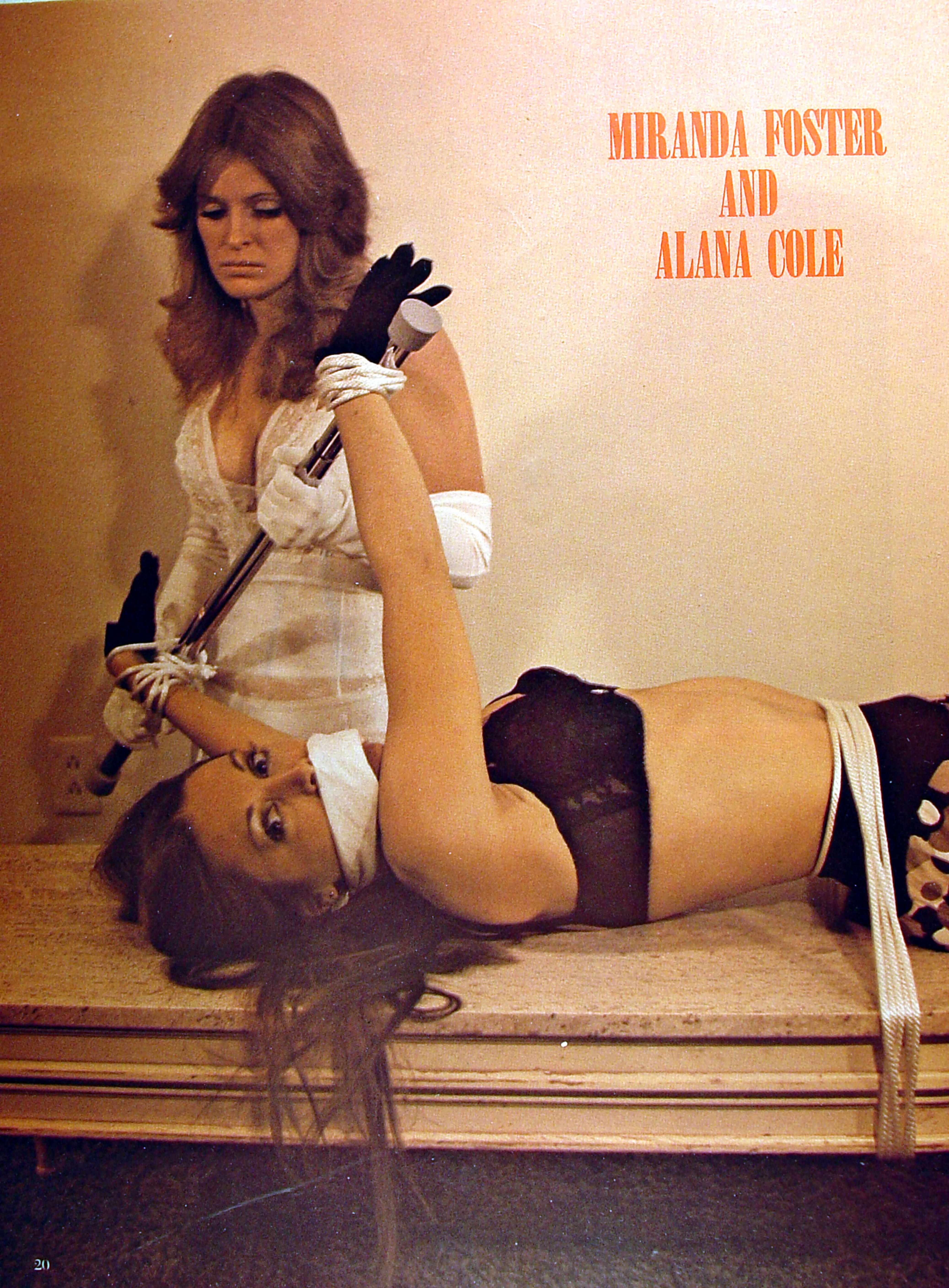
JENNIFER MILES



ALANA COLE AND JENNIFER MILES



MIRANDA FOSTER
AND
ALANA COLE





Previous Bondage Life Cover Damsels
Alana Cole & Jennifer Miles



"God, if I had my name in the phone book, I'd probably have to get a switchboard."

A Conversation With Eric Stanton



Illustrations from "Blunder Broad" unless otherwise noted.

He is 51 years old, 52 come September 30, 1978. At about 5-8 and 155, he has the physical composition of a middleweight.

But in his field of bondage art, Eric Stanton is a full-blown heavyweight. He is in fact The Champ, The Nonpareil, Numero Uno. He is someone several million people would give their eye-teeth to meet. He has drawn more good bondage art than anyone on earth. He sits with Klaw, Willie and Page at the highest level of bondage eminence.

What materializes at the moment of first meeting is a polite, soft-spoken and somewhat distant personality. He is responsive, but proceeds with visible care and caution. There is nothing gratuitous about him—if there is something you want to know, you will have to ask. He is not given to idle chatter, nor does he seek to ingratiate. Although he makes no pretense at being scholarly or intellectual, he is probably a little of both.

The hair is mostly still there, brown tinged with grey, along with a short almost completely grey beard. He moves athletically and dresses for comfort instead of show. His style and presence are more rugged than bookish. The voice is distinctly Manhattan. There is not much humour around the mouth or in the voice, but the promise of plenty in the eyes, which are blue.

You were born on September 30, 1926, in New York City.

In Brooklyn... Atlantic Avenue and Pacific Street.

So you grew up with the Dodgers and all of that.

No, that didn't interest me at all.

Then maybe you left Brooklyn when you were young.

When I was four, we moved to California.

What did your father do?

My step-father... he was the only one I really saw. He was a chef. Traveled all over.

And your mother was a housewife?

Yes.

Brothers? Sisters?

Two sisters.



Surviving?

Yes.

Do you still have contact with them?

Oh, sure.

Do they both live on the East Coast?

They're in Florida.

Are they older or younger?

Both are younger, one by a year, the other by six years.

You were in the Navy. When?

I was seventeen.

Let's see—that would make it 1944. Did you see action?

Yes, along the way to Japan. I served on a destroyer. We were picket ship for a task force—first one out there. It was frightening.

I would think so. Did you know then what you were going to do with your life provided you survived the war? Yeah... I was making a dollar a handkerchief on board.

Handkerchief?

I was drawing pictures on them... of girls.

On board ship.

Yes, and I was handling the ship's newspaper also.

How many guys were on that ship?

I think two hundred and thirty.

Did you sell two hundred and thirty handkerchiefs?

You better believe I did. I know you're kidding, but can you imagine the repeat business I did?

Sure, probably a lot like now. How long

the people I drew do anything I wanted. They did whatever I said. I was king of my world.

Then, did you have some formal education or studies?

No, I never did. I think what started it was that my sister had scarlet fever and so for two months we were quarantined and I had nothing to do. So, I just drew for two months. I was confined, so I had no choice but to work at something and learn.

There is that thing about fate. Had it not been for your sister's scarlet fever, there probably wouldn't have been a "Bound in Leather" and you might be a housepainter or tile setter or something.

I agree with the part about fate, but not with what I might have been.

Anyway, how old were you during this period?

12.

Do you follow art formally?

Well, there is only one kind of art that I like and that's illustrative art. I don't care for modern art, although my wife is a very fine modern artist, and, also, she does very good contemporary things.

Who then are your idols as illustrative artists?

I've had quite a few of course, all of them good cartoonists. My favorite cartoonists were Alex Raymond... Ogden Whitney. Ogden because I thought his girls were full and round and voluptuous... very attractive. He had a good hand for girls. God, there were so many of them. I liked Dan Barry. I didn't care for a lot of artists who overdid muscles and things like that. Like Hogarth, even though I was taught under him when I finally did go to school for awhile when I was 28. My greatest hero in the comic book field is Robinson. He does a half-page strip in all of the Sunday papers. Fabulous teacher. Everything I've learned... just the basics, which are so important to art. You can draw all your life, but if you don't get the basics rubbed into you, you don't have any room for improvement. You have to learn good planning, how to develop a page, and Jerry Robinson is it. He used to do "Batman" and characters like that.

Could you have taken your art abilities into a more conventional milieu and have been successful at it?

I'm sure I could have.

Do you regret that you did not?

Oh, God, no. You wouldn't believe the letters I get from people who say, "Thank God for you, Eric Stanton." Be-

cause I've given them the realization of their fantasies. The fact that some people have told me that they wouldn't have known what to do had not been for me has kept me going...even through adversity and there has been a lot of that.

You respect the people who buy material from you.

Every one of them.

Why?

Because I've found mental, physical, personal pleasure drawing things for myself. I know I've had fantasies I've wanted to see and so has every man I know. All of us want to see ... something happening. Between two people, or just one person, and I give it to them. I think I'm the only one in the world who does.

You feel then that you're doing something good.

There is no question in my mind about that. As far as you're concerned, you have a pleasure that you would like to see and, if I drew it for you, I would have done something very important for you.

Yes, that's true. And you wouldn't think any less of me for this fantasy that brings me pleasure, no matter what it was?

No, no matter what your pleasure. I've had people ask for the most unbelievable fantasies you can imagine.

Is there a fantasy you won't draw?

I did turn one down once. I said that I could never do this. And one man came to me—personal introduction for someone else—and he asked me to draw that one thing I had always known I would never do. I looked at him and I just know this man was getting ready to get down on his hands and knees. He was desperate, willing to pay me anything although I had told him he could have the originals—I never wanted to see it again, that's it.

Well, to repeat the question then, is there anything you wouldn't do now, that earlier barrier of yours now having been crossed?

The same thing. I wouldn't do it again. I don't like things involving very young girls and I don't care especially for violence.

I see. Did you ever meet John Willie?

No, but I adored him. One of the people I worked for at the time didn't believe in two of his contributors meeting—bad business.

Did you at least ever correspond with Willie or talk to him on the phone?

No, I've talked to many of his

"Once I get it out, I think I'll finally start making some money in my lifetime because "Blunder Broad" really is super-duper."

friends...people who admired him. And I admired him a lot of course. Because we did the same thing, I understood his work better than anybody else.

What did you especially like about him?

Oh...his sense of humour for one thing, I suppose. There is a kind of humour that can be blended into violent situations which I might even like despite what I said earlier and he was able to convey that. We see violence every day, so, if you can at least create violent situations which have some wit or humour in them somewhere, you have your realism, which is necessary, even essential to some people, and you've watered it down into a more acceptable situation. That's how I like to deal with violence when it is wanted.

Was John Willie a nice man from what you've learned from these acquaintances?

A fine man, I would say. I've had my thoughts about him—the kind of work he did. You know, this whole area of fantasy in our field is considered by people who don't understand it to be sadism or masochism. It isn't that at all. You don't have to be a sadist to love to see something; you don't have to commit a crime. You don't have to beat up anybody. There are very few real sadists, I think. All kinds of people like a kind of excitement that other people sometimes think is sadistic or masochistic, yet both groups go to the movies often for just this thing, this excitement, and it turns them on. But they don't lose control of themselves over it. I really don't like to relate these things to sadism or masochism. I think, more accurately, they are just in the fantasy field.

Was Willie a really good artist?

Fabulous artist. Except at his stage of the game and my stage of the game, I'm probably better because I have much more movement in my figures than he has. I would have liked his work more had his figures been moving more. Everything else about him was good though. He worked a lot with photographs, you know. His drawings were so photographic in fact that I didn't think they had enough fantasy in them.

Maybe too true to life for my taste.

Too bad the two of you couldn't have met and sat and...

We would have had a ball.

What questions would you have had for him?

Oh...I've never really thought about any specific ones. I think it would have been very natural and we would have had a very good time just talking.

What did he think of your work?

I don't really know what he saw of mine, some of it, I suppose. He must have known I was a beginner.

What do you know about his beginnings?

Well, of course I know he did some work for *London Life* which was a wonderful magazine.

From what I know of *London Life*, it had to have been an underground publication.

Not at all—it was quite open, above board. It was all about fetishism. Fabulous. I have a few issues.

Do you have any ideas on the genesis of his passion for bondage?

Well, what to *you* think he liked about it?

Me? Well...I suppose, control, the word you used a little while ago, had a lot to do with it. He seemed interested in clothing; I think he may have identified with some of his own ladies.

Exactly. I always felt he was the one who was being dominated, not the one dominating.

In other words, he was in those pictures somewhere himself.

Yes, and everybody agrees with that, except most people feel the male character—Sir D'Arcy—is fashioned in his image. Look, I never met the man, probably don't really know anything about him, but I think he was Gwendoline.

Whew...that's quite a theory.

Well, if you really think about it some, you'll see it has merit.

It's interesting. Anyway, how about you? How did you get touched by this?

You went to work for Irving Klaw. How did you get involved in this?

With Irving?

No, with bondage.

Well, I'd already been doing little comic stories on my own—bondage,

fighting and that sort of thing. What happened was that Irving Klaw had a little ad in some magazine—Whisper or one of those—and I wrote and told him I thought I was a better artist than the one whose work was in the ad and I would like to do something for him.

By the way, since you're familiar with other bondage illustrators, were Mory and M.R. the same?

The artwork looks the same. I would think so. Mory is a fine artist.

Really?

I like his work, but some people criticize it as straight and stiff.



(At this point, the interview was interrupted by the arrival of Eric Stanton's wife, who popped her head through a door behind the interviewer to tell her husband she was home. The interviewer made no attempt to rise or look back at her.)

The reason I didn't behave like a gentleman and stand was to respect your privacy. Because of the nature of our interview, my interest and your work, I thought it would be more discreet and comfortable if I just stayed put. Now, speaking of your privacy, you must have to protect it more than most people. You probably have to be awfully discreet. Are not people trying to get to you all the time?

God, if I had my name in the phone book, I'd probably have to get a switchboard. Yes, people do want to know who I am, where I live, all sorts of things.

Uh huh. Have you been found when you didn't want to be?

Yes.

And how do you shake off these unwanted visitors who are so obsessed?

They don't seem to be pushy. So that isn't what really bothers me about it.

"I seem to like them wrestling, because every ounce of their bodies are moving and doing something."

It's just that I really don't have the time.

You do seem busy—even now when I'm talking to you, your mind seems to be jumping about.

It seems I'm always busy. I've always got my mind doing something. It's tiresome—I wish I could relax.

Eneg—was he a good artist?

Excellent. One of the finest inkers.

Well, let me ask you something. Can I expect that you're going to say only good things about all the artists I name? Not at all, I can tell you what I think is bad about Gene's work.

No, I'll settle for what you've said. So Eneg was good, or Gene as you call him.

Certainly, he did many fine things. Princess Elaine...I think that is really excellent. Listen, he was a better artist at the time than I was. Much better. Better craftsman.

Be interesting to put that to a vote, wouldn't it?

No, I think at the time, he really was better. But I think I improved more than he did.

Well, what is your masterpiece then...in your opinion?

I think the only masterpiece I have is what I'm working on now.

Is it anything you'd care to discuss?

Sure, there are two things I'm working on actually. "Blunder Broad" is one and I think that's a masterpiece. My Blunder Broad is a loser, but she's bigger busted, bigger hipped—just as attractive, but she's hardly ever won a fight.

What is it—a book?

Right now, it's a strip. I've got six chapters. I'm working now on seven and eight and at its conclusion it will probably be about 100 pages of artwork.

How will you advertise it?

I'll only offer it and sell it to my own mail order customers. Once I get it out, I think I'll finally start to making some money in my lifetime because "Blunder Broad" really is super-duper. "Sweeter Gwen", made of lot of money, but not for me. I got about \$35 a page and some of those pages took me a week to figure out. It came out in booklet form several times, even the originals were sold for more than I was paid. The lesson is that I won't deal with

publishers again; I'll just get it done myself and make it available to customers who contact me directly.

You said you have two masterpieces and you mentioned "Blunder Broad."

What about the other one?

I'm working on a psychological story about a husband and wife wanting to get into something, but not knowing how to go about it.

You mean how to approach each other?

Yes, and it's a very sensual thing.

What's its name?

I'm working on that. It's only 20 pages of pencil so far, but it's probably going to wind up being 60 pages.

You know, you're 52 years old, but you have a lot of youth about you, particularly your enthusiasm.

I hope I never lose it.

Well, to be honest, when I spoke to you on the phone, I really took you to be pretty blasé—an old, who-needs-this sort.

I've been at it a lot lately and I'm a little worn out. But, when I'm on my game, when I'm doing yoga, look out.

Do you play tennis? Do you play golf?

No, just yoga. I was a pretty good handball player.

Why "was?"

I don't play anymore.

Too busy?

No, my hands, I have to use them to work. Handball is too hard on them. I want to start playing racketball.

Good luck on that. Okay, Eric Stanton, the first I saw of you was "Bound in Leather." Did you write that?

No, I wish I had. I attacked that story with a relish. I thought that was the most beautifully written thing I'd ever done.

Well, I think it tends to be a masterpiece. What do you think?

Without a doubt. I don't think there is anything better.

Hmmm. That's what I expected you to say first time around, but...okay. You've done things just as good...

No, I wasn't really as proud of any of my other work. I don't think much of it approached what I did with "Bound in Leather."

Where do you now and where did you then get these ideas? From your own head, or did you have direction from someone else?

Continued on page 39

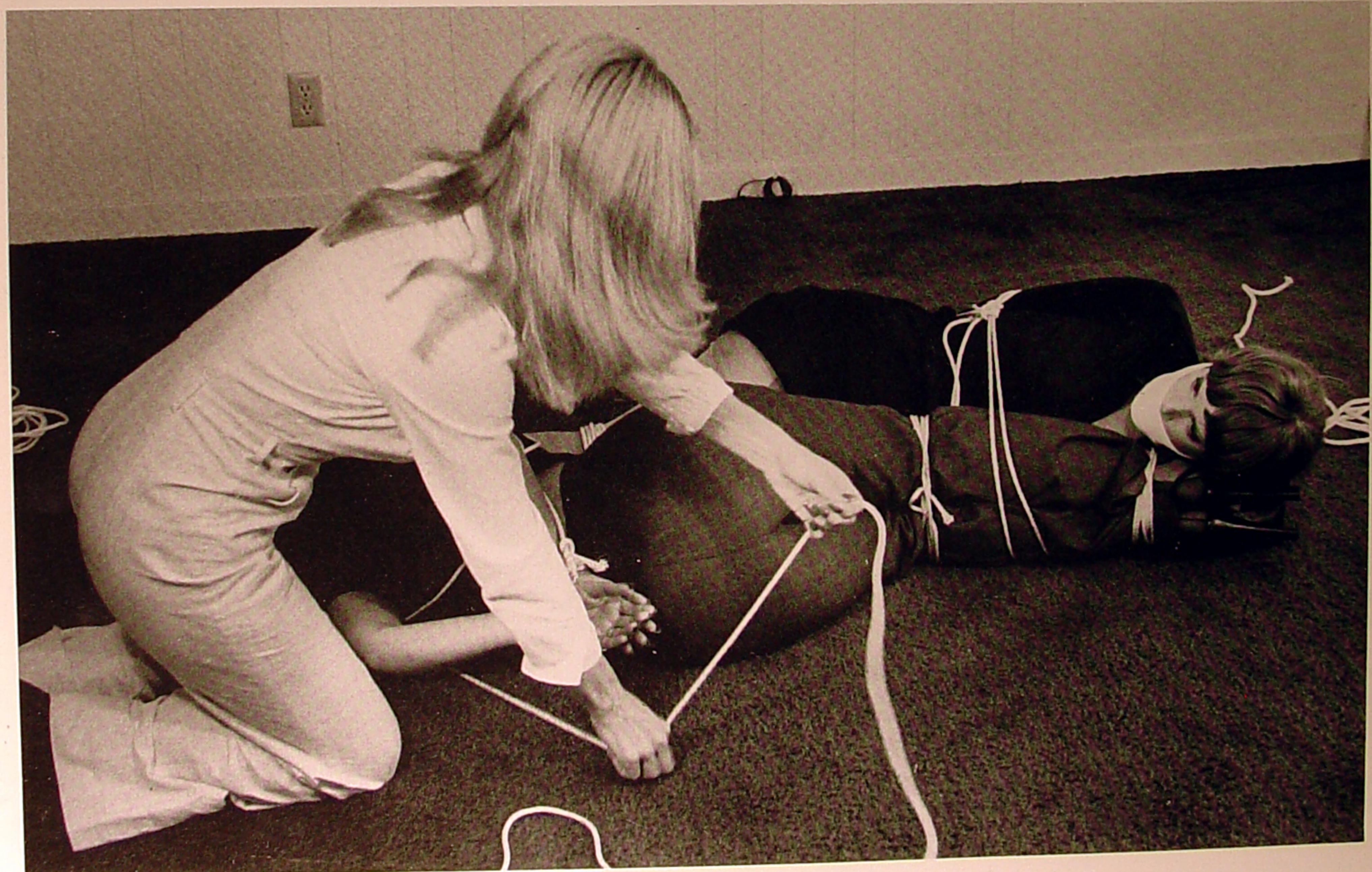


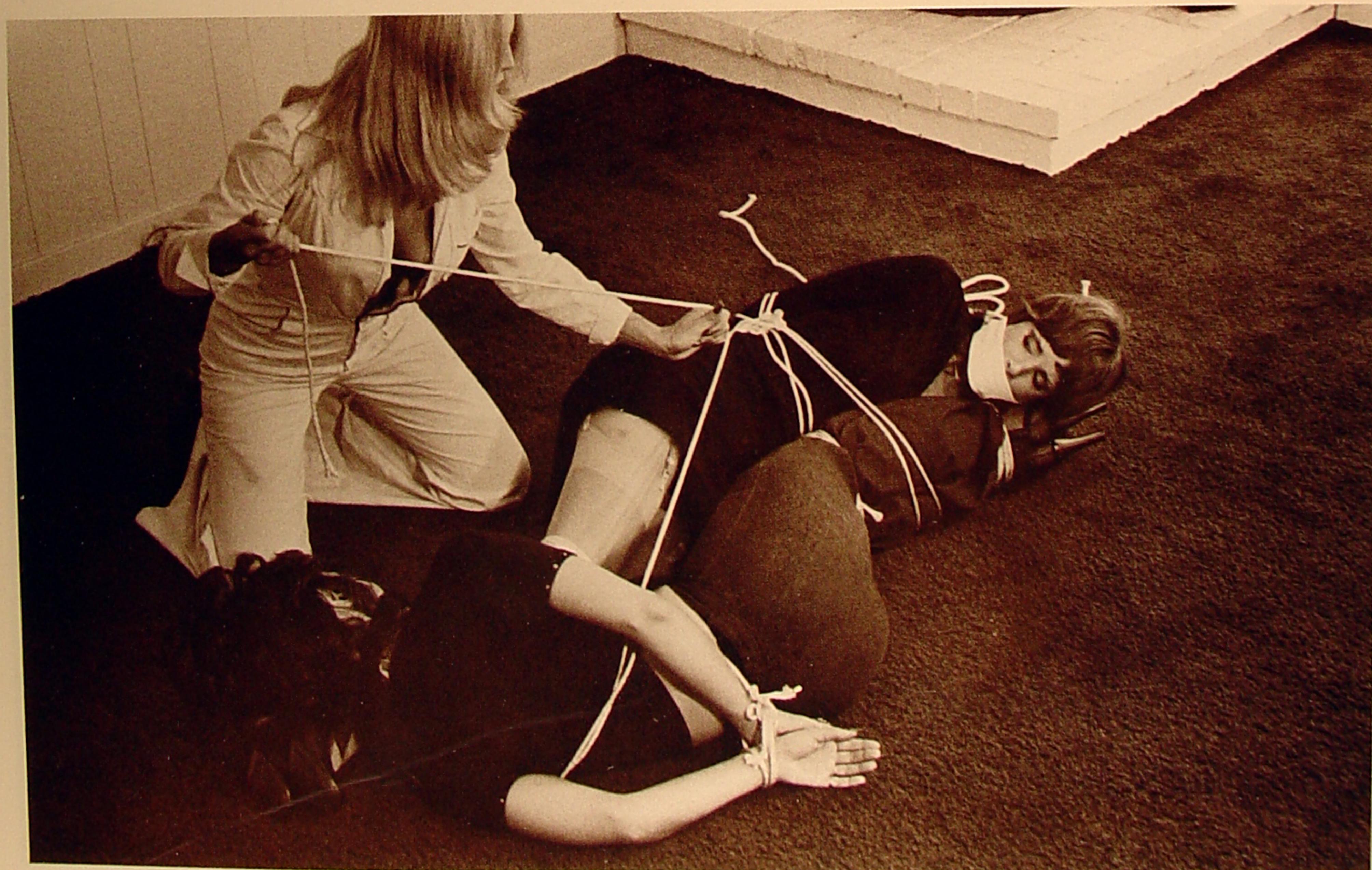
Bondage Mistress Emma String Adding To Her Collection Of Damsels In Distress

Emma String is shown prodding two recent additions into her bondage web, Anne Harris and Jennifer West. Were it not for the inexorably tightening ropes and gags, Emma might have her hands full with these two aggravated females. But, once Jennifer has been completely ensnared and humiliated, both she and Anne are helpless and at Emma's mercy. Those are the breaks.











THE SUBJECT IS BONDAGE

TIELINES

By John North

We loved the letter which tersely pointed out that "I don't like boots, gloves, dark hose, chains or...crossword puzzles!" We applaud your wit, Reader, and maybe even make your day by saying we are disposing of the crossword puzzle feature here and now, having felt our point to present as many editorial dimensions as any quality magazine can has been made....A publishing paradox for us is that we receive lots of requests for photos of bondage heroines wearing higher heel shoes and just as many requests asking for no shoes at all....Someone said we should launch a contest to determine which motion picture actress appeared in the most films with a gag in her mouth. Our own nominees would be Virginia Mayo and Maureen O'Hara, both of whom looked lovely with cloth in and around their mouths in several movies....We received the "Mondo Bondage" record album by The Tubes, which we should audition one of these days. If we do, we'll let you in on any worthwhile findings....*Hollywood Babylon* has a few lines about the well-known actor who hanged himself while wearing

female lingerie about 10 years ago, but fails to mention that he was known throughout the adult book shops of Los Angeles as a buyer of any and all bondage books and pictures....Overheard on the popular "Saturday Night Live" tele-series: "Gosh, Honey, our marriage shouldn't be boring—I let you tie me up last week!"....We were right, that was a honey of a bondage scene in the Joe Don Baker "Framed" movie which prime-times recently on network television. Pretty Connie Van Dyke had her mouth all taped up and her rescuers left the undoing of that part of her bondage for last, so there were several interesting cuts.... We are often told that the best of the contemporary bondage photographers is John Savage, although he hasn't been heard from for a few years now. Also, some very good bondage writing from P. N. Dedeaux and Chaucer Cartwright, that latter one an obvious pseudonym. After having read those delicious little morsels by A. E. W. Mason, we like him best of all....Attention, Paula Klaw: a reader says that is Linda Sterling in our last photo quiz, but the scene shown is from "The Crimson Ghost," not "Deadwood

Dick" as noted. We are advised that Lorna Gray, later Adrian Booth, was the principal actress in "Deadwood Dick," a 1940 serial....And while we have Paula on our mind, did we mention that she was offered an enticing fee by a major publication to come out of retirement and retie one more time for old time's sake? Paula appreciated the offer, but thumbed it down....Add melancholy history: Maria Stinger, one of the Florida models who posed often for Irving Klaw during his winding-down period, died about 10 years ago from an overdose of sleeping pills, the unhappy victim of a love affair gone sour....We get more complaints than we need about the coupons we require of our customers, some of the complaints downright insulting. We do need those coupons signed and sent in before we will ship *any* material. For those who don't like tearing the coupon out, a facsimile or hand-written copy will do, just as long as nothing is left out of the statement. There, that should solve the problem....Time-in-its-flight: John Willie would be 76 this year, Irving Klaw would be 67, Eric Stanton is 52 and Betty Page is closing fast on

50.... We agree with a sharp-eyed Floridian who says that the "Nordic-looking lovely" we were told was Marguerite Empey (and who Irving Klaw refers to as Cindy Heller in his brochures) was actually pretty Shirley Maitland. Our writer began buying Klaw's photos in 1949 and remembers that Maitland posed for Klaw "for a number of pictures either wearing a blonde wig or with her hair dyed." Look close, it really could be pretty Shirley.... About the only Klaw yester-year models espied by Paula Klaw since those Golden Days are Barbara Pauline, who dropped in on East 14th Street a few years ago to say hi to Paula, and Lois Meriden, happily married to a successful Manhattan businessman.... Boy, is bondage surfacing. It is being mentioned in all the media, not least of all Susan Isaac's *Compromising Pasttimes*, a brisk-selling novel.... We



are ambivalent about our decision to reissue the "Perils of Lois" film from the old Klaw inventory. It is an absolutely great film in terms of bondage and action, among the best ever, but our copies are second-generation reprints of what was already a pretty overexposed film to begin with, so... Cayeal Preemptor!... Bondage Humour: During the photography of "Secret Lady," a trio of pretty females were gymnastically bound and gagged in the living room when came a sudden, insistent rapping on the front door.

Since no one was expected, everyone froze until one of the untied damsels steadied everybody's nerves by advising, "Hey, it's okay—just act natural, everyone!" Another funny occurred when a model mentioned that one heroine's hands were turning blue because of the tightness of the ropes. "What color do you want, anyway," was the quick parry of the girl doing the tying.... Almost a decade ago, "Man of LaMancha," perhaps the greatest of musicals, rolled into Los Angeles with its ballet rape scene in which Aldonza/Dulcinea is gagged by one of the other performers who simply slipped an elastic gag over her head and down into her mouth, which was a smidge better than no gag at all. But, in this year's revival, the gagging was taken much more seriously. The stunning dark-skinned Dulcinea of this presentation is gagged tightly with white fabric which provided striking and scintillating contrast to her dusky skin tones.... Still more reader input recommending John Norman's *Captive of Gor, Volume VII* in The Chronicles of Counter-Earth which is touted as straight bondage fantasy. We are told Norman has carried the series up to about Volume 10 now.... "Sweet Eros," a one-acter by Terrence McNally, which opened on Broadway, November 21, 1968, had a scene in which a young man strips a girl who has been gagged and tied to a chair. Eventually, he, played by Robert Drivas, unties her, played by Sally Kirkland, and takes her to bed. The show was a commercial success and was reviewed in *Time* and mentioned in several books on avant-garde theater. It was also published in paperback form.... Okay, here is a taste of the feedback we've had on those "Gilligan's Island" bondage plotlines: "In *Bondage Life, Volume 2*, you ask for the plots on 'Gilligan's Island.' Well, I just taped one episode where the gang try to make Gilligan feel like 'A Hero' (the title?). By having the Captain dress as a headhunter and tie the rest of them to stakes... of course, Mary-Ann (Dawn Wells) and Ginger (Tina Louise) are both gagged. The only problem is a real headhunter does the capturing and Gilligan becomes a hero of sorts." Now, here's another reader: "...as to the bondage scenes from 'Gilligan's Island' and 'The Avengers:' Tina Louise plays her own double, an unglamorous frump who comes to the Island, where she is trans-



formed into a more glamourous personality. To show her gratitude, she knocks out Tina with a rock, gags and ties her and plans to take her place in Hollywood. In the second episode, Gilligan is suffering from double vision when headhunters come ashore, gag and tie Mary Ann, Ginger and Mrs. Howell to stakes until Gilligan saves them. As to "The Avengers," at least six different episodes showed Linda Thorson (Tara King) gagged and tied, while only a few early black and white episodes showed Diana Rigg in the same situation (Editor's Note: we will never ever get over one episode in which Mrs. Peel is chained and chastity-belted alongside some sensually innocent female whose head has been encased in a gagging scold's helmet).... Our own next offering? The thrilling climax to "Secret Lady," hopefully out next month.... *Hustler Magazine* devoted nearly a full page to our Klaw books and *Bondage Life* in one of their recent issues.... Lots of favorable response to our feature story "Ronnie," which concludes in this issue. The one complaint, since passed on to the author, is that his stories are too short. His latest, in our hands now and planned for publication in the next *Bondage Life*, is a lot longer. The author, Brian Sands, is the best of the contemporary bondage writers in our opinion.... Biggest Harmony news is a fifth Klaw volume before Christmas and an absolutely sensational question-and-answer interview here with Eric Stanton, probably the most in-depth interview ever produced on the dean of bondage illustrators □



Bondage Life's Guide For Buyers

A quartet of enterprisers out to please the inner you. Bondage Life's service for shoppers.

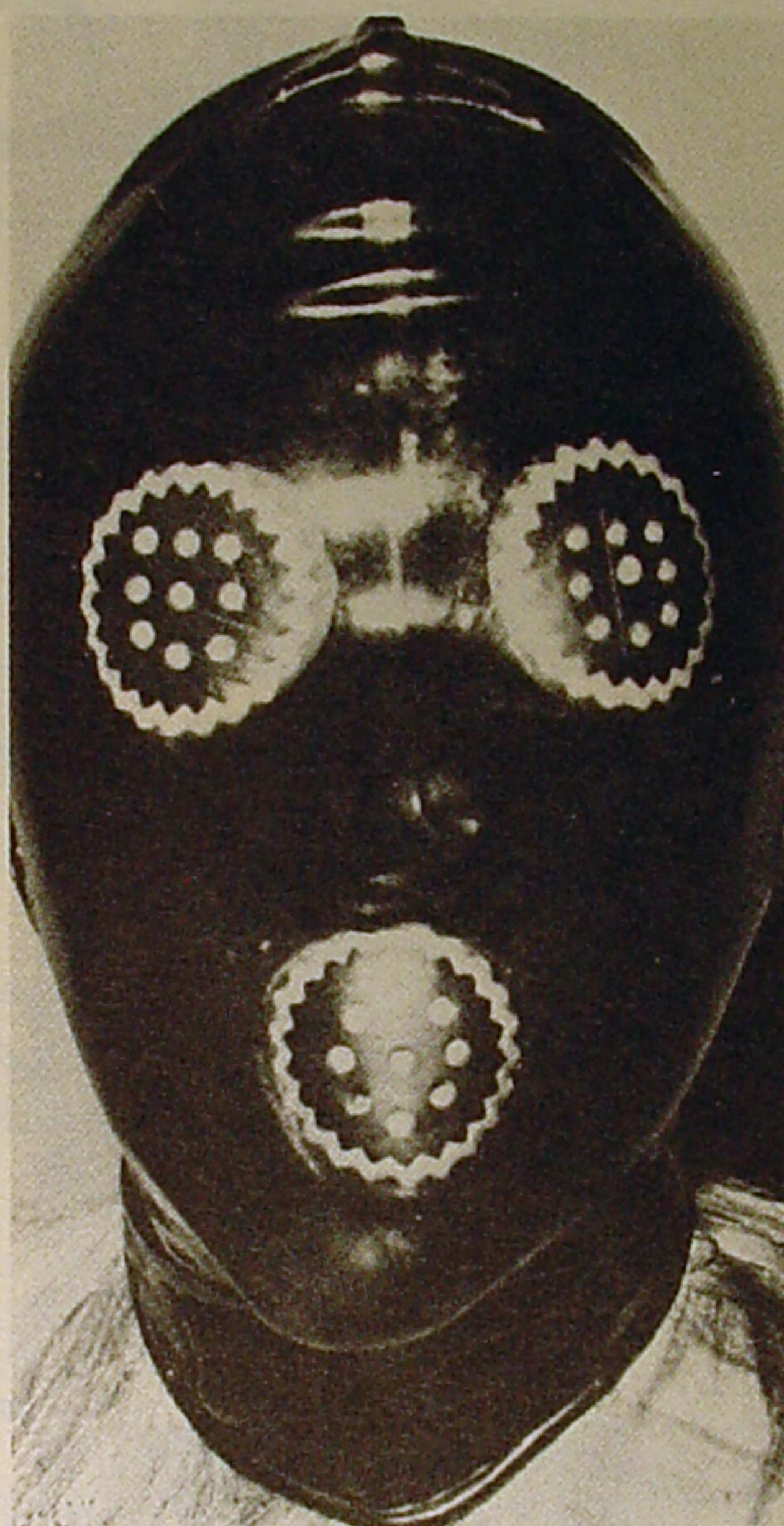
GUIDE FOR BUYERS TEXT AND PHOTOS COURTESY 1978 BONDAGE BUYER'S GUIDE

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Boulevard Suite I
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The supermarket of bondage.

The Centurians have more things than are dreamt of in anyone's philosophy, and they will sell you the stuff that dreams are made of for cash, check, or money order.

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All of this is located in elegant plush surroundings. Brouse in luxury, visit their lounge, enjoy a cup of coffee while you take it all in. You can even bring in your slave and get her or him fitted with a real chastity belt, with butt or vagina plug if you want.

The Centurian staff is very competent and can help you select the items that will please you most in this emporium of adult shopping.

Centurian is located at 12812 Garden Grove Boulevard, Suite I, in Garden Grove, California in the Cedar Brook Business Park. Really, you can just go there and see it all for yourself. Bring your own shopping cart. Hell, bring a pickup truck.

But, if you can't make it to Garden Grove, you can send for Centurian's catalog of catalogs and make your choices by mail.



CAPRICE
Box 27655
Los Angeles, California
90027

In existence for over 20 years, Caprice specializes in restricting old fashioned style wasp-waisted corsets, bizarre 6-inch restraining shoes, and a small selection of whips and restraints of rubber and leather. Their new 100 page catalog is available at \$5.50 by third class or \$6.00 by first class mail.

Photo sets showing corsets and some of their bizarre punishment devices are available at \$3.00 for a set of nine 3 x 4 photos.

They also have a number of exclusive books on domination and water sports as well as the Domination Digest Newsletter. The books on domination are \$3.00 each, on water sports are \$4.00 each, and the Newsletter sells for \$2.00 for a sample copy.



ROSSLYN NEWS
P.O. Box 1001
Studio City, California 91604

Lots and lots and lots of bondage photos, bondage magazines, bondage books, and bondage films are available through Rosslyn News.

This time around, they sent us an extensive catalog and 23 separate flyers advertising their photos, magazines, books, and films.

Although they also feature spanking, female domination, wrestling and so on, they have an enormous selection of excellent materials that focus exclusively on bondage and restraint.

Rosslyn News is a treasure house of bondage. Whether you like them tied up naked, in garter belts and stockings, or fully dressed—whether you like them tied up sitting, standing, lying on the floor, hanging by their arms or heels, tied to a bed, or whatever—Rosslyn News has all the girls that are fit to be tied.

The following will give you some idea of their prices. Books and magazines sell for \$4.00 each. Regular and super 8mm films in 200 foot reels sell for \$14.00 each in B&W, and \$25.00 each for Color. Many 4 x 5 color photo sets containing 8 photos sell for \$3.00 a set. There are discounts if you order in quantity, and as we said before, they have lots to choose from.

R.D.F. COMPANY
152 West 42 Street Suite 418
New York, New York 10036

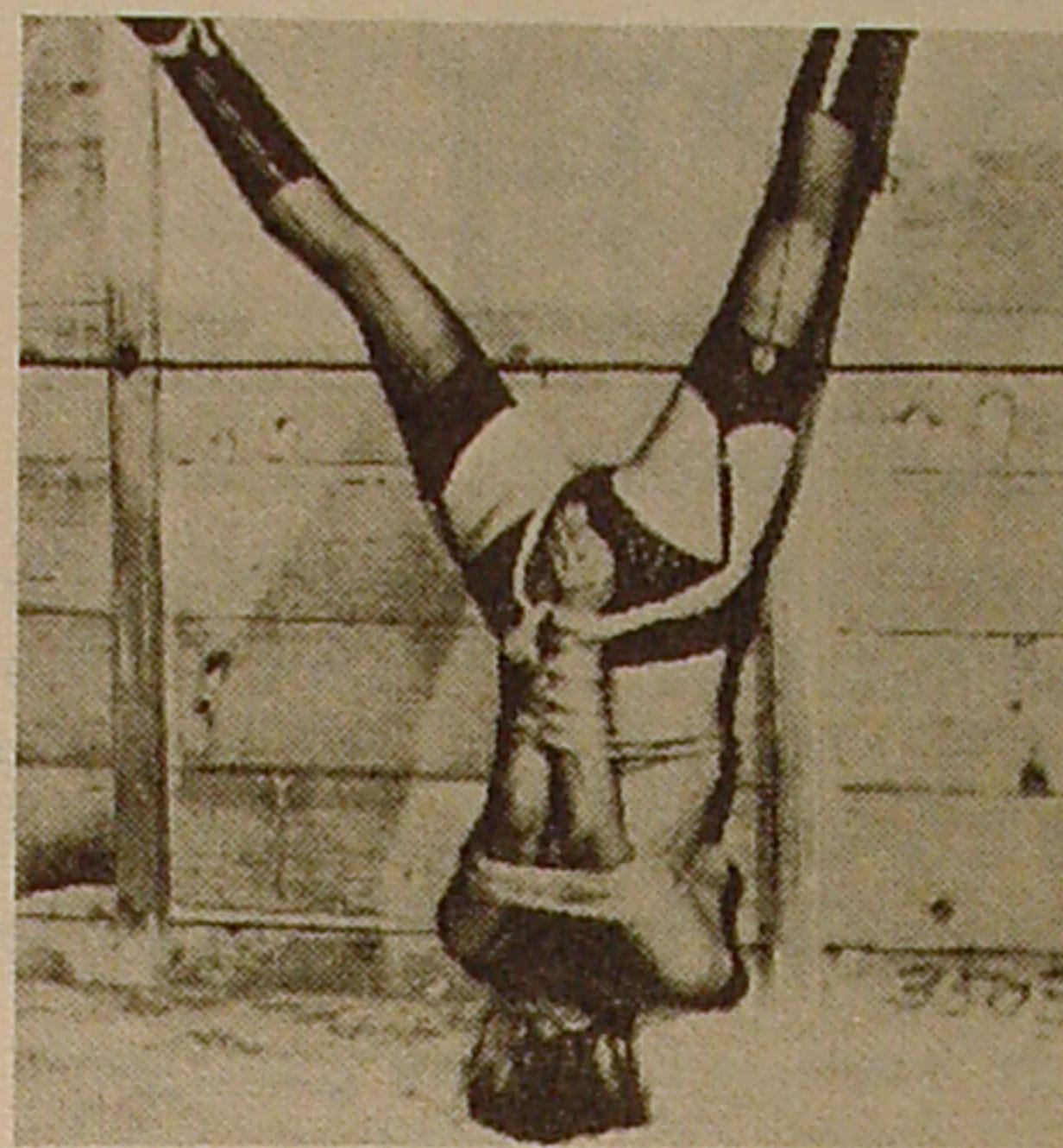
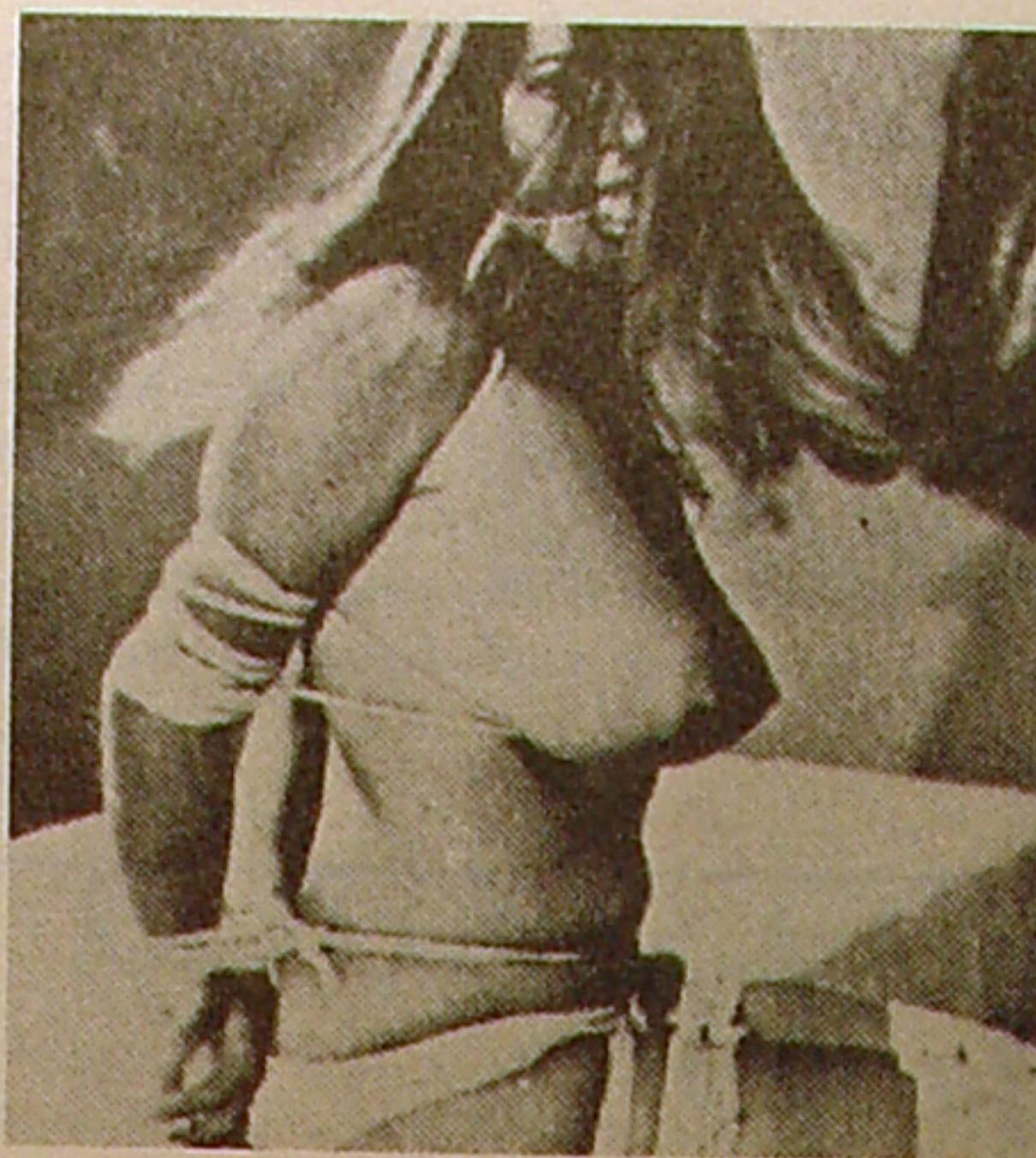
Flagellation and torture, and other forms of sado-masochism are what R.D.F. Company is all about. The bondage here is only a means to another end. The R.D.F. films, photos, and artwork show almost exclusively the plight of young women who have been bound and restrained so that they can be subjected to a holocaust of torture.

Films, in regular 8mm and Super 8mm, black and white and also color are available. The price for most 200 feet reels of black and white is \$17.00. The price for most 200 foot reels of color is \$29.00. There are price reductions if you order in quantity. There is one film available in sound and color.

Photos and artwork are in black and white only. A set of 8 photos or drawings (4 x 5) may be purchased for \$3.50. Four sets are \$12.00, and there are further price reductions as the size of the order increases.

There are some sound tapes on cassettes and open reels available for \$10.00 each.

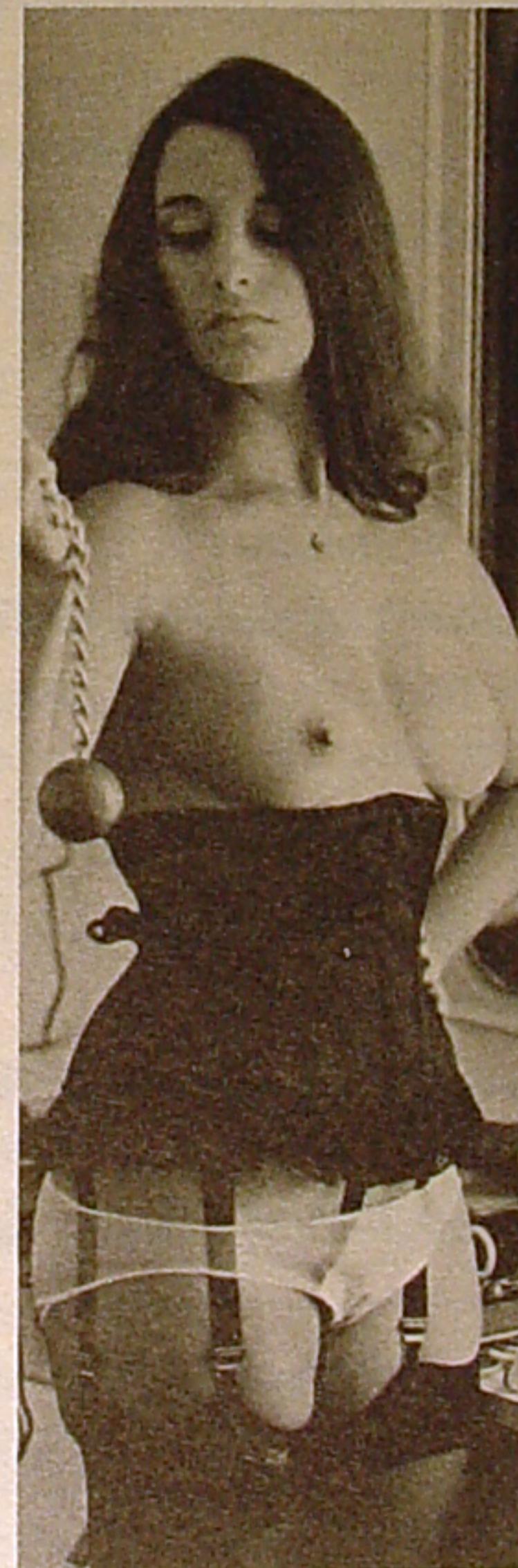
In business since early 1965, R.D.F. Company will send you its catalog for \$2.00, refundable with the first order.



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(If you have not ordered the Stanton Archives since 1977, you do not have this catalog.)



MISS VICKIE LOU

The front cover of this book is a photocopy of the cover of my new B&D publication. You will find it to be the finest book on the arts of bondage and discipline and other activities. All phases of these erotic arts are covered. **Miss Vickie Lou** offers numerous action and uncensored photos in color and black and white. This publication contains more than 100 pages of exciting delights. A first in the world of B&D publications, this fantastic book includes a gigantic 17 x 22 poster in full color of Miss Vickie.

Miss Vickie Lou is sold mail order only: \$12.50 plus \$1.50 for First Class Mailing. Canada and outside the United States: \$14.50 plus \$1.50 postage.

Mail to
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P.O. Box 76011
Atlanta, Georgia 30328

I hereby certify that I am over 21 years of age and am aware that I am ordering sexually oriented material. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.

OUT OF THE PAST

This delicious tidbit apparently slipped by most of us when it was proposed as a motion picture contest idea 32 years ago, but, thanks to a reader who thoughtfully and generously sent it along, it can now be entered into bondage history.

Shown is an exact reproduction of Columbia Picture's "Should a Woman Ever Be Gagged" contest which was

designed to stir up box-office interest in the studio's "The Return of Monte Cristo" motion picture. Interestingly, no such scene occurs in the actual movie; the photograph having been the idea of a 1946 studio publicist who appreciated the possible impact of a Damsel-in-Distress situation. (We welcome any and all other reader contributions concerning such bondage lore of yore.)

□

TITLE SEARCH

(But Not The Usual Kind)

Gamesmanship time again for those deep thinkers with a bent for bondage. Marshal up your intellectual forces and fuse them to your affinity for bondage cinema and see if the last title you fill in is the same as the first, in which case you win since this is a chain-link bondage puzzler which eventually comes full circle. Right answers on page 55.

Arabian princess Elaine Stewart gets hung out to dry in () Stewart's arch-rival in that film, Rosemarie Bowie, is tied to a stake in something called (). Bowie's real-life husband, Robert Stack is the stalwart hero of (), wherein Elke Sommer is spreadeagled for an acid facial. In another of Sommer's movies, (), she co-stars with Italian beauty Sylva Koscina, who herself undergoes a little ropework in (). The musclebound hero of that epic, Steve Reeves, is also star of (), a movie enhanced by Giorgia Moll, who is staked out for the buzzards in (). Her co-star in that movie, Edmund Purdom, is also in () along with Shirley MacLaine, who gets the business in the Martin-and-Lewis flick (). Dean Martin shares billing in () with Barbara Rush, who, in (), finds herself over a barrel in rope and gag. Her co-star, John Derek, is one of the multitude of (), in which Debra Paget is trussed (and nearly sacrificed) to the golden calf. As the bad girl in (), Paget gets the treatment again. The good girl of that movie, Elaine Stewart, is allowed to gloat over her rival's misfortune, for she's already served her time in ropes—which brings us back to ().

DON'T GAG A WOMAN!



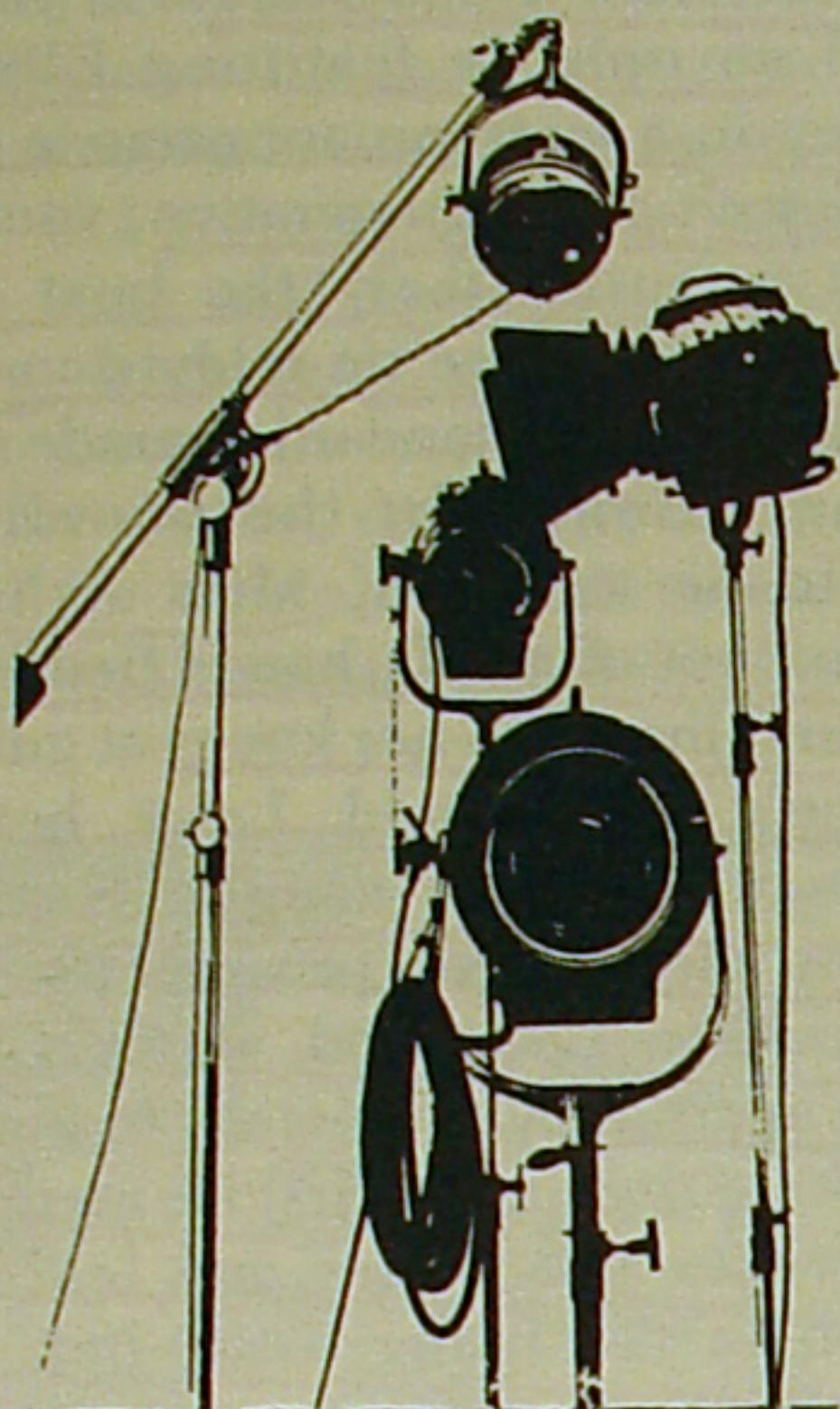
Prod. Still No. 213, above, shows Louis Hayward putting a gag on Barbara Britton. Use it to start a controversy, in advance of playdate, on the pages of a local newspaper or on a radio broadcast. This can be accomplished in any one of the following ways:

1. The newspaper publishes the photo and asks readers (both men and women) to submit answers, in no more than 50 words, to the question: "Should a Woman Ever Be Gagged?" with guest theatre ticket awards going to the most interesting letters submitted. The winning letters should be printed on subsequent days.
2. The newspaper's inquiring reporter or radio's man-in-street commentator shows the photo to men on the street, whose on-the-spot comments on whether or not it is ever necessary to gag a woman are published or aired. A guest theatre ticket should be presented to each man interviewed.
3. A representative of a local woman's organization is shown the photo and voices her protests, in newspaper columns and on the air, against the gagging of any member of her sex at any time, and decries the implications of the photo that women are ever looser-tongued than men.

MEDIA

BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD

By Carl McGuire



It all started, I suppose, with Pearl White and her sisters of the silent serials. Up until then, what we now call bondage had so little public expression that it hardly existed as a concept. It was just a vaguely felt appreciation for the idea of a pretty girl tied and gagged. At the time, this appreciation was largely a hidden thing, given expression only in a few novels and pulp magazines. The mass media, after all, were not all that massive and sexual frankness and experimentation were things of the future. One could encounter tied-up women in the words on a printed page or in an artist's brushstrokes on the cover of a pulp. But it's safe to say that the vast majority of humans on this planet had not seen a real female in such a situation until...

The motion pictures. Real knots in real ropes. Real gags. Real, beautiful, brave, desperate, struggling, captive women. Pearl White tied to a tree in "The Perils of Pauline." Arline Pretty in "A Woman in Grey." Neva Gerber in "The Trail of the Octopus." And more, scores more.

And the serials were only the beginning. We've seen those pretty actresses tied up and silenced in westerns, in comedies, in gangster films and sword-and-sandal epics. And it keeps unfolding for us, shows no sign of slacking. There'll always be another pretty girl, getting into another pretty fix up there on the screen, and we'll always want to watch her and—without exactly allying ourselves with the villain—hope that the hero takes just a few more minutes to get there.

Department of Scholarly Research: Who, of all those beauties of the cinema, qualifies for the title Most Tied? If you have a candidate, send us her name and the titles of the films in which she can be seen en ligottage, as the French would put it. To make the endeavor a bit more interesting, we will eliminate from consideration the serials—sound as well as silent—and all television series. (Otherwise, Pearl White or Diana Rigg might easily run away with the trophy.) We may never resolve this burning question, but no matter: Getting there could be half the fun.

And now for this issue's report:

★★★Pony Soldier (1952)—Redhaired Penny Edwards, captured by an improbably-cast Cameron Mitchell as a renegade Indian, is marched off into

the mountains. Besides trussing her wrists behind her back, Cameron and his minions tie a stick between her teeth for her to chew on (the only in-

stance of this kind of Indian-style gag I've encountered in the movies). After a long trek, they build and light a huge bonfire on which to roast the lady, at which point they're distracted by the arrival of Mountie Tyrone Power. Before the inevitable rescue, however, Miss Edwards—whose ankles now are bound as well, and who has been flung down next to the bonfire—is allowed to struggle and pose a bit for the benefit of the camera.

★★**Reign of Terror** (1949)—Later retitled "The Black Book," this modest French Revolution epic is distinguished by a scene toward the end in which Arlene Dahl, captive in the dungeon of the revolutionary army, undergoes what passed for torture in 1940s Hollywood. Fettered at the wrist, her arms are hoisted high by pulley as she's questioned. Her feet never leave the ground, however: That would have been a bit much for one of filmdom's reigning beauty queens.

★★**That Man George** (French-Spanish-Italian, 1966)—Forget the story line in this routine George Hamilton caper film. But watch for the tables to turn on Claudine Auger, former Miss France and onetime companion to 007 in "Thunderball" (wherein she also got a taste of the rope). After roughing her up a bit, the villains tie her hands behind her back, gag her with a black cloth, shove her into a room, and lock the door. 007 is nowhere to be seen, but you can believe George is on the way.

★★**Kiss the Girls and Make Them Die** (Italian, 1966)—A rather ludicrous secret-agent film, with a you-know-what to make it worthwhile. On the other hand, if you can buy the idea of Dorothy Provine as an agent, you might enjoy all of it. Dressed just right in short shorts, blouse, and boots, she's tied and gagged, placed in a rocket capsule, and launched (for a glimpse of Dorothy in Distress, see the top of page 42, *Bondage Life*, Vol. 1, No. 2). If you want to know what happens then, you'll have to watch it.

★★**Return of Dr. Mabuse** German, early '60s)—Daliah Lavi, one of the loveliest creatures in films, is worth watching in this entry in the Mabuse thriller series. Sought by hero Lex Barker, she is discovered lying on her side in a basement, well tied in a network of ropes. The basement begins to flood, and the two of them get soundly drenched before he can carry her to a dry spot and untangle the knots.

★★★**Eaten Alive** (1977)—This grisly shocker by Tobe Hooper, of "Texas Chainsaw Massacre" fame, is making the rounds now and is unlikely to show up on the tube without extensive scissoring. Marilyn Burns—who also was in "Massacre" and who, it seems, can't appear in a Hooper film without being fitted for ropes—is waylaid by crazy hotel owner Neville Brand as she undresses for her bath. When she's down to blouse and panties, he wrestles her to the floor, ties her wrists behind her back, and leaves her. She makes it as far as the hallway, wrists still tied, before he returns and knocks her around a bit (since when was Neville Brand ever accused of gallantry?). To prevent further escape attempts, he tapes her mouth and ropes her to his old brass bed, with her arms spread wide and her ankles crossed and secured to the foot of the bed. Other devilment elsewhere takes us away for a while, but the camera keeps returning periodically to that bed and the lady thereon as she fights rope and gag, establishing herself as one of the best writhers and moaners in the business.

★★★**Artists and Models** (1955)—Shirley MacLaine goes in for more substantial roles now, but back in the mid-'50s she was just another giddy ingenue, and you know what happens to them occasionally, don't you. In this Martin-and-Lewis flick, she is pounced upon by Anita Ekberg and her henchmen, then stripped down to her underwear, gagged, and tied to a stout chair. When they depart, she puts on an athletic display of struggling, hitching the chair around, trying to turn the doorknob with her chin, and finally tipping the chair all the way over—which, of course, only makes things more complicated for her.

★★**Le Magnifique** (French)—Made a few years ago, this secret-agent spoof, outfitted with subtitles, played a few art houses and may eventually make it to television in a dubbed-in version. Jean-Paul Belmondo is a Walter Mitty type who imagines himself romancing a beautiful neighbor and rescuing her from the clutches of a steady succession of archfiends. The one short bondage scene therein is not very exceptional—but the lady wearing those manacles is the exquisite Jacqueline Bissett, and she makes the whole movie worthwhile.

★★★★**Fly Me**—R-rated, soft-core sex with three pretty stewardesses running afoul of white slavery. The ropework is

practiced on Lyllah Torena, and when the villains tie her hands and feet, they thoughtfully divest her of most of her clothes, leaving her sitting on a couch tastefully attired in her panties. After her guard falls asleep, she struggles to her feet, hops to a nearby table, breaks a bottle, and cuts her bonds. But alas, she's immediately recaptured, tied up all over again, and deposited on a bed, this time with her mouth taped for good measure. The chief villain comes in to gloat and admire the view, and—with all too obvious intentions—despite his captive's muffled protests, he rips off her last remaining stitch. And...Cut.

★★★★**Mission: Impossible**—If you can catch an episode featuring Elizabeth Ashley in a onetime appearance as the IM force's female operative, you'll see what is quite likely the best single bondage sequence on television. Early on, as part of a standard charade staged by our friends for the benefit of a would-be assassin, Miss Ashley is hauled out of a cell, hands tied behind her, and forced to her knees at gunpoint as she's interrogated. Later, her masquerade comes to naught: Her cover blown, she's made a prisoner for real by villain Gary Lockwood, who's holed up in an apartment as he waits to bump off a visiting dignitary. First he merely ties her wrists and ankles and leaves her seated in the living room, but, determined to be troublesome, she uses a little legwork to knock over a lamp. Naughty, naughty. Now he carries her into the bedroom and deposits her on the bed. Whipping out a handkerchief, he applies a neat between-the-teeth gag and leaves her to ponder the obvious question—"Are you sure Barbara Bain started out this way?" Now watch closely: There's a telephone across the bedroom and she obviously wants to get to it; seeing how she accomplishes this is a rare pleasure. And what can she do with the phone once she gets there, tied and gagged as she is? Suffice it to say that she's a resourceful lady spy who can dial with her hands behind her back and who can tap out a respectable Morse code with her fingernails...And yes, there are a number of closeups while all this is going on, and yes, her eyes look lovely over a gag. And oh, yes, the Morse code went something like this: "Good afternoon, Mr. Phelps. This is your Mata Hari, all wrapped up in her work. Your mission, and you'd damn well better accept it..." □

Conversation with Eric Stanton

Continued from page 26

My own head. I have a marvelous imagination.

One would think you should be a clothing designer.

You know, I have, without a doubt in my mind, created so many fashions. And people, you know, have just copied them. I think I may have caused a few trends. I must have created ten different shoe styles, you know, pointed and stilt heels. Now, I seem to have drifted away from doing high heels because I'm more interested now in developing a story than in stressing detail. If I were to take every item on every page and fantasize it in each picture—high heels, gloves, hands, fingers, cigarettes, eyes, ear, nose, different hair styles, different clothes—I would be completely detailed and there would be no real story development.



You mean you were locked into those items which prevented you from having freedom of story.

Yes, and now I am more interested in telling a story with characters and reasons. I am also very interested now in expression, even of the body. To me, a face isn't the only thing that's saying something; every inch of your body is talking.

Which brings us to a personal point, a question readers will be asking as they read this, so here goes. You say you were doing bondage even before your association with Irving Klaw. That suggests you must have been personally

"My work has more and more reflected the tastes of my customers since that is what my work is really all about—giving people what they want, not what I want."

interested in it, yet I am told that it is not your personal interest...that there is something far more to your liking than bondage.

I know. Well, the answer is my interest in female to female. I don't care what they are doing to each other. I love to see two females. I don't like to see men, males are not attractive to me. So, I want to see two females. I want to see two females wrestling...I don't like to see them boxing. I like to see them wrestling, because every ounce of their bodies are moving and doing something. I like female domination of the female because I can play either role. But when it's a male, I have to look at only one person which deprives me of one of the roles.



Back now to your work. I think we have already established that the texts of the cartoon serials you drew for Irving Klaw were written before the illustrations. Do you know who did write "Bound in Leather?"

I wanted desperately to meet whoever it was, but I never got to. Most of us were kept separated so that there would be no exchange of information on how much we were making and that sort of thing.

So you never did know who the author was.

Right.

So you were just handed a narrative

one day called "Bound in Leather" or "Bound to Please" or whatever and told to illustrate it. The words always came before the pictures.

Yes.

You don't use photos and models, do you?

No, I think that limits me right away. I usually make several sketches of anything I'm going to do on tracing paper. Then, I overlay the tracing papers until I have the action I think is right, what I want. I think it's through that system that I've gained the feeling I have for movement.

Your art, and your women, have moved through at least four phases: (1) the early, rough renderings such as "Diana's Ordeal" and "Poor Pamela," in which the women are very slender, sometimes almost undernourished; (2) your "classic" period—"Priscilla, Queen of Escapes" and "Duchess of the Bastille," in which your women seem idealized, perfected, (3) the later phase which included "Bettina in Jeopardy." Your women in this period are stockier, shorter legged. Finally, there is this current, fourth phase, in which your women are full blown, totally exaggerated. Are you reflecting the tastes of your customers, or has your own concept of female beauty changed all that much over the years?

Originally, when I was drawing things like "Pamela," I think I was just drawing what I thought looked best. But, since then, my work has more and more reflected the tastes of my customers since that is what my work is really all about—giving people what they want, not what I want.

Many Stanton serials from the Klaw days, such as "Duchess of the Bastille," "Marie's Unique Adventure," "Phyllis in Peril" and others have not been issued for years. Are they totally gone? Haven't you kept copies?

You have to remember this material belonged to Irving Klaw. He gave me something to draw and I turned it into him. Maybe I did keep a copy or two—I'm sure I did—but someone borrowed them or they just slipped away. There probably are copies around in

Continued on page 56

Emma String at Work

Emma String is a photographer who never asks her subjects to smile for the birdie or say cheese. She ties up her models anyway she wants and then takes their lovely pictures, probably the businesslike attitude which makes her photos so unique.





MOTION PICTURE BONDAGE SCENES

MOVIE
STAR
NEWS

212 EAST
14TH ST
NEW YORK
10003

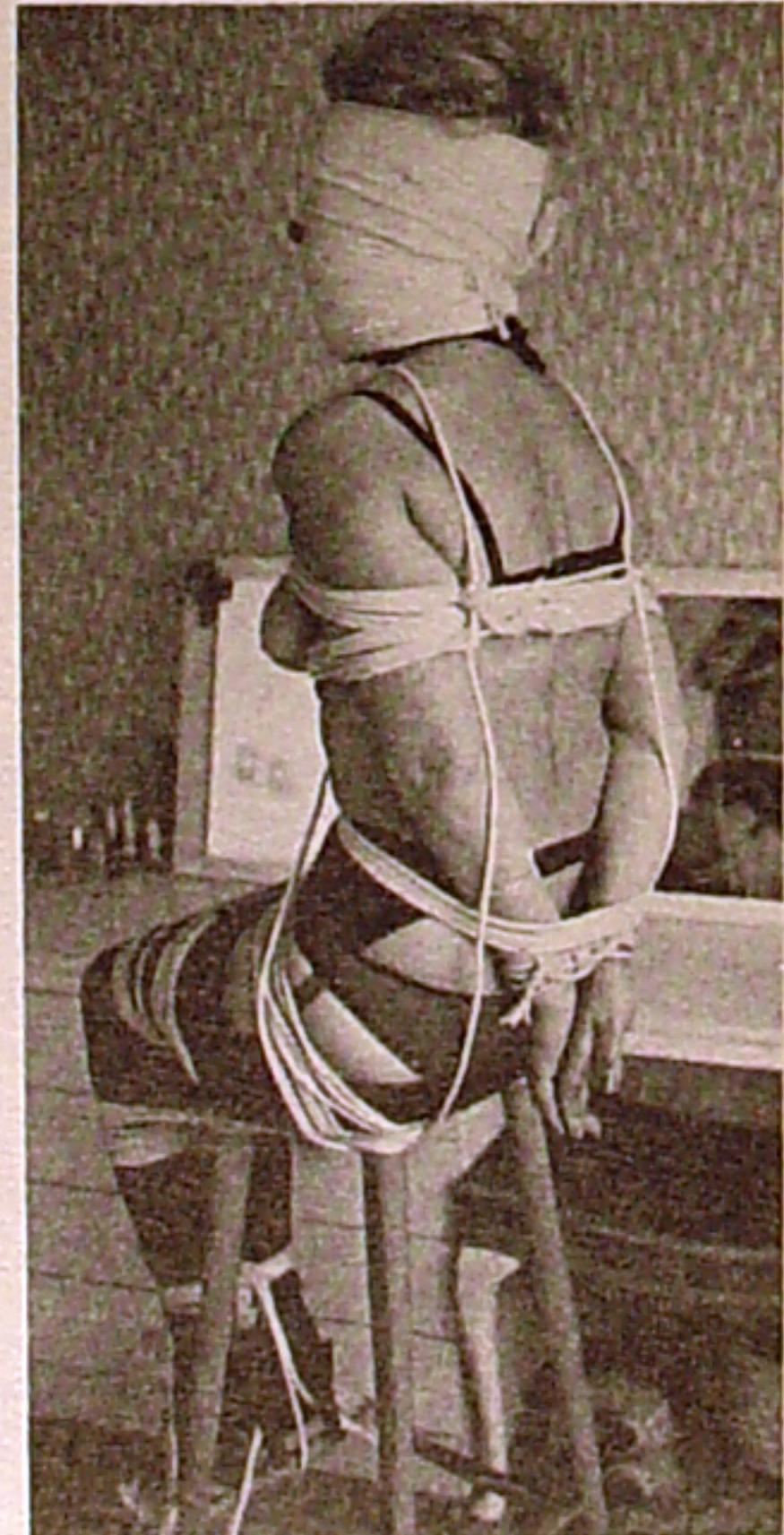
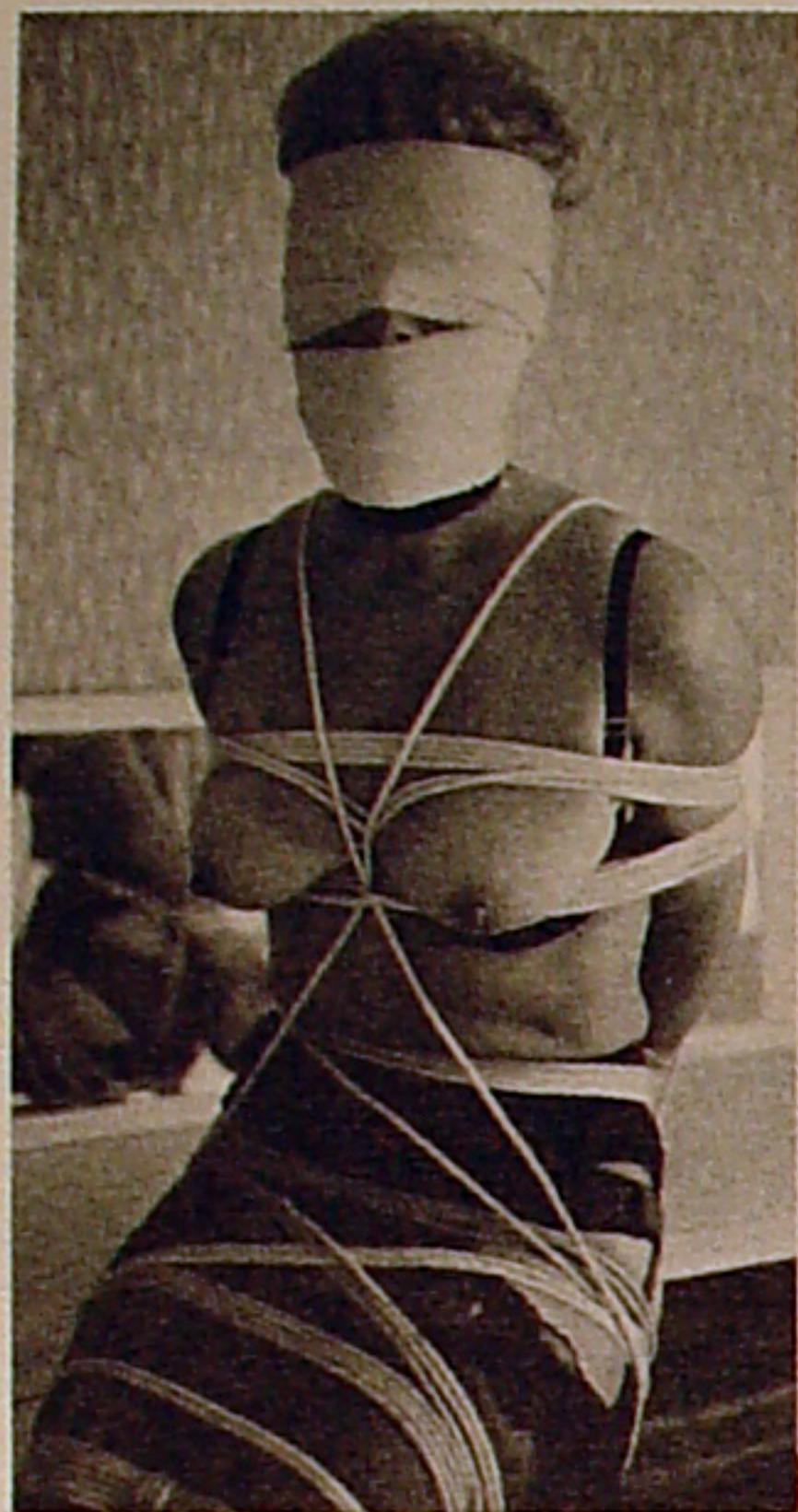




By The People

The Smashing Conclusion to Ronnie •
More Bondage Primer • Close Call By a
Reader • Bondage Lawsuit in Canada •
Techniques of Self-Bondage

FROM A READER IN ENGLAND





FROM A READER IN
TEXAS



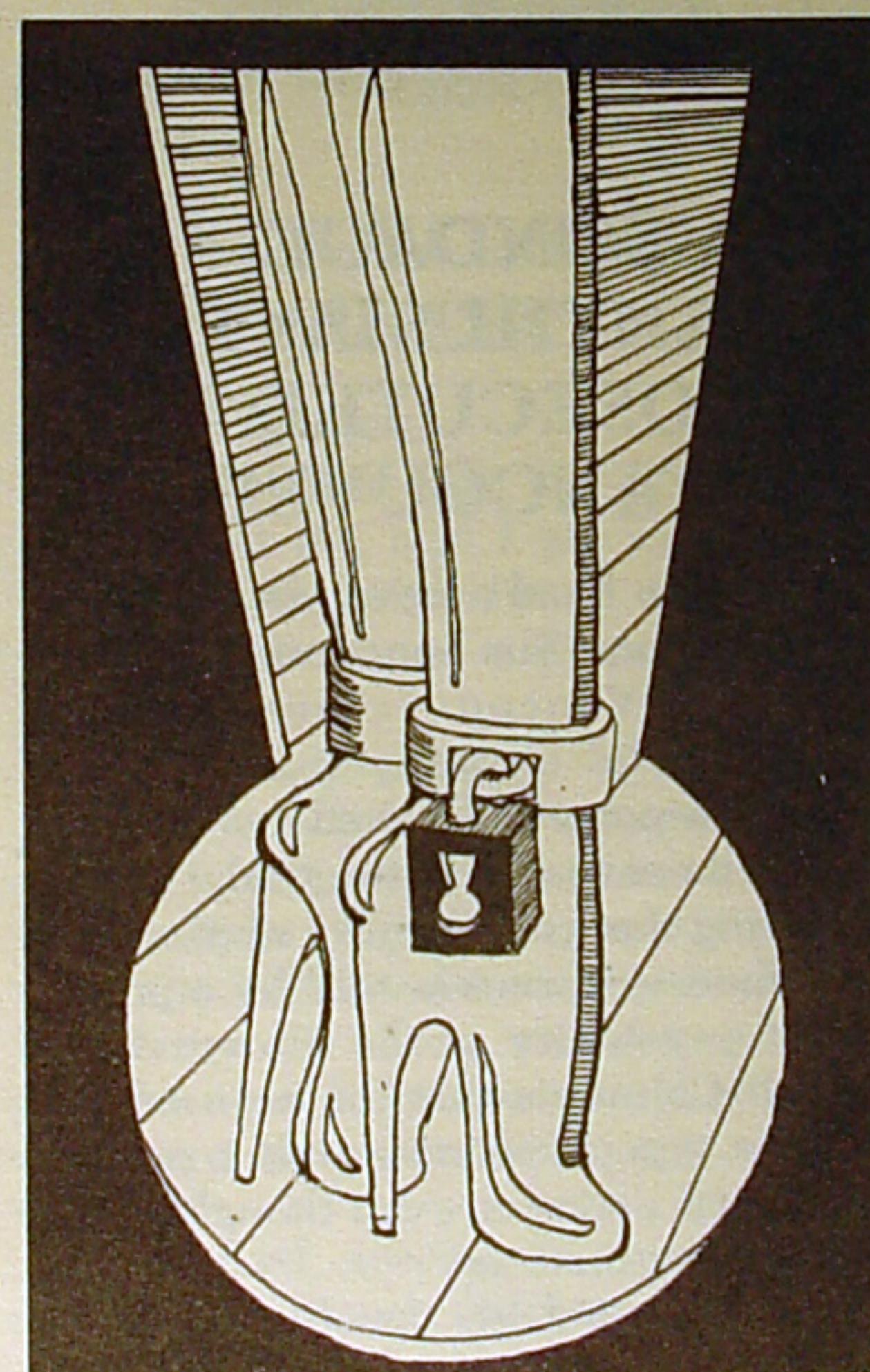
THE ULTIMATE IN HELPLESSNESS

Several years ago, I was attending a five week course in Southern Virginia. Because it would be so long and motels get to me in a few days, I rented a little kitchenette in an old motel out on Highway 1. In addition to greater convenience and, size it also provided privacy, none of my classmates wanted to go "clear out there." The latter feature was probably the real reason I stayed there. It wasn't too fancy, but with maid service every Saturday morning, it was clean and very private.

One Saturday evening, I decided to take some photos of myself in bondage. The camera and flash were set on a tripod and a 20 foot extended shutter bulb attached to the camera and positioned on the floor where I would be lying. My outfit was to be all white as a symbol of innocence. A well filled white bra, 36DD, a white waist cincher tightly around my waist, 26 inches, and the pure white panties stretched snugly from hip to hip, 38 inches, over the white garter belt. The nylons were a light off black with just a touch of vamp added by a pair of 4 inch block heels.

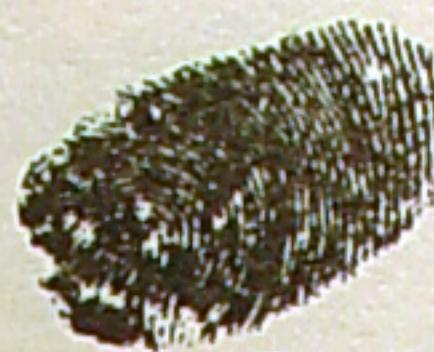
The position for the first photo would be the "hogtie," one of my favorites. Starting with the ankles, I secured my legs together there, below and above the knees and around the thighs. To make it a little more binding, my ankles were secured to the back of my thighs with two turns of rope. Tied in this manner the legs are like a big knob and can only be moved about the waist. Several strands of rope just below the bra and several more around my waist were tightened so that my arms could just barely be squeezed into them, but before doing so, a ball gag, white of course, stretched my jaw and was tightly knotted at the back of the neck.

And now the final touch of securing the wrists. One end of a short braided nylon rope is tied to the rope around ankles and the other is made into two concentric loops with a tight slip knot. When both wrists are put through both loops and pulled against the ankles it feels very secure, but, because the nylon will "give" a little, I can usually



work my hands loose with a little effort. If that doesn't work, I usually have a knife available within reach; however when things go smoothly for a long time, a person tends to become careless: no knife!

After snapping the picture, I decided to free myself by slipping my hands out of the double loops. It didn't take long to realize I was caught. The two loops of rope were between the bump on my wrists and hands. With all of the struggling to get into position for the photo, the rope to my ankles had caused the slip knot loop to be pulled very tight. With the ropes holding my arms tight against my back, there was no way to get loose. I began to twist and struggle and wriggle, but none of the ropes loosened even a little bit. After what seemed like forever, but was only a few minutes, I was wringing wet and still very tightly tied. The only motion I could make was to bend at the waist and roll a bit.



Slowly, I began to realize my situation, a very tight, effective gag through which I could only groan, the maid wouldn't be in for another week and my classmates don't even know where I'm staying. Panic and fear were starting to come on pretty strong and struggling was useless. The ropes seemed to be getting tighter and the floor harder, everything began to ache. I rubbed the ball-gag against the floor trying to force it out of my mouth but it didn't help, my jaw just ached more. The kitchen knives were a long way away and up in a drawer that there was no way I could get to. Maybe I could knock the TV stand over, break the picture tube and use the glass to cut myself loose, it was the only chance to get out of what seemed like these ever-tightening ropes.

Then, I remember it, in my jeans pocket there was a small penknife that I had found that afternoon. The jeans were laying on a chair about eight feet away. With one rope around my ankles and thighs, another keeping my arms tight against my back and my wrists attached securely to my ankles, eight feet was a very very long way. Now with some hope and a goal the panic seemed to fade. Finally wiggling backwards to the chair, I pulled the trousers to the floor and started to go through the pockets, with my fingers starting to tingle and working behind my back, it was slow going. The knife wasn't there! After going through the pockets three more times, the feeling of helplessness and panic started to grow again. The knife wasn't there!

I really started to think fast. What was on or near the floor that I could get to cut myself loose. The TV set idea scared me because it was "on" and I couldn't be sure it wouldn't land on me. My only hope was to get to the kitchen drawer, but to do that some of the ropes had to go. After what seemed all the effort I could muster, the rope around my thighs and ankles was finally hooked on the corner of the bed frame. By lurching and wiggling while pressing my ankles as tight as possible against my thighs, it finally slipped over my knees. It wasn't much, but that little bit of freedom was wonderful.

With that additional movement available and my head against the side of the bed, I was finally able to get up on my knees. In that position, I could scoot the 20 odd feet to the kitchen, hook the ball gag rope on the knife drawer knob and dump it on the floor. The 20 feet looked like the last third of the Boston Marathon but that was the only hope to free myself. It had to be soon because there was no feeling left in my hands.

Before starting on the long journey, I happened to look back at the jeans on the floor. There it was, the penknife was laying on the floor next to the jeans. It must have fallen out of the pocket when I pulled the jeans to the floor, but since I had wiggled up to them backwards, the penknife was hidden from view. It must have been difficult to open it without any feeling in my hands, but I don't remember for in a very few minutes I was FREE, sore, exhausted and very very much relieved.

Since that time, I have been much more careful with my self-tying but I must admit it was a very exciting experience. Once it was over I realized that I had experienced the ultimate in helplessness, being tied without a possibility of release □

H.B., Washington

BONDAGE ENTHUSIAST PROSECUTED IN VANCOUVER

We have on hand a news clipping from the Vancouver Sun concerning the rape trial of a Vancouver bondage enthusiast. The clipping is just one of several reports published by the Sun during its coverage of the trial.

During the trial, the jury of nine men and three women was told by a professor of psychiatry at the University of British Columbia that the accused was not the type of man to inflict pain on his sexual partners, even though he did enjoy tying them up.

He attributed his conclusion in part to interviews he had with two girl

friends of the defendant, both of whom testified to occasionally allowing the accused to tie them up during sexual acts. Both women said no violence or pain was involved.

The trial itself was based on the charges of a woman who claimed that the defendant had tied her up, gagged her and raped her on August 4, 1976, in a house she was trying to sell him.

The defendant admitted that he did find it sexually stimulating to tie up his partners, but said he tied up his accuser only after neither had been able to obtain satisfaction during three acts of intercourse to which she had voluntarily submitted.

According to the accused, the woman had become upset after he had tied her up and placed a symbolic bow-tie around her neck, at which point he de-



sisted in his efforts to achieve intercourse.

The psychiatrist said sexual bondage involves a partner tying the other up in a symbolic act of dominance, but told the jury that bondage should not be confused with sado-masochism, which involves obtaining pleasure from inflicting or experiencing pain.

One of the problems for sadomasochists, he said, is that the practice usually involves a male masochist who has trouble finding a woman to mistreat him and must thus resort to prostitutes. As the lawyer for the defense put it, "A good sadist is hard to find."

But, according to the psychiatrist, the accused was not a sado-masochist, nor a man who would pursue any sexual behavior his partner might find repugnant since "mutuality is required" by him.

The defendant was described during the trial as seeing himself as sensitive with esthetic interests and a tendency to introspection. Beyond that, he was characterized as a typical peptic-ulcer patient—"overly conscientious, even mildly phobic." Instead of dealing with and confronting other people, was described as more apt to just develop symptoms.

The rest of the news story deals with the psychiatrist's discussion of various sexual attitudes and practices, during which he cites such sources as Havelock Ellis, Kinsey, Kraft-Ebbing, Freud and *The Joy of Sex*. Here is the text of that part of the story, excluding direct attributions to the psychiatrist.

Over the last 25 years, there has been a great change in attitudes to sexual practices.

But the changes do not occur everywhere at the same rate, with the result that there are differences in attitudes not only between different groups but often individuals within the same social group hold different opinions about what is acceptable and what is perverse.

Differences about what is acceptable can even occur between husbands and wives and may lead to communication and prediction-of-behavior problems between sexual partners.

The law often lags behind changes in sexual practice, one example being oral sex which is said to be practiced by 80 per cent of the adults in the United States.

Despite problems in communications, the transfer in sexual emphasis to enjoyment from reproduction is one of the factors leading people to experiment with various practices, including bondage.

A Joy of Sex passage defines bondage as "a harmless expression of sexual aggression."

Some people find bondage useful because the struggling against constraints increases excitement and there is evidence that sexual ardor is enhanced by aggressive behavior of various kinds.

Acts of bondage also help represent "dominance, submission, possession and control, all of which are said to play important roles in sexual symbolism" □



SELF-BONDAGE APPRECIATION

Dear Mr. Harmon,

Your *Bondage Life* #2 is fantastic, Better than #1, and I am looking forward to even better future issues. You can count me in as a permanent subscriber.

The Bondage fantasy, "RONNIE" is well done and really hits home to me, since I have practiced self-bondage for many years. I believe your readers might be interested in my methods and safety tips for those who occasionally feel the need to be bound and helpless and have no partner who can render them so.

First of all, one needs a quiet place and enough time to enjoy the sensation. I like a few drinks and a smoke be-

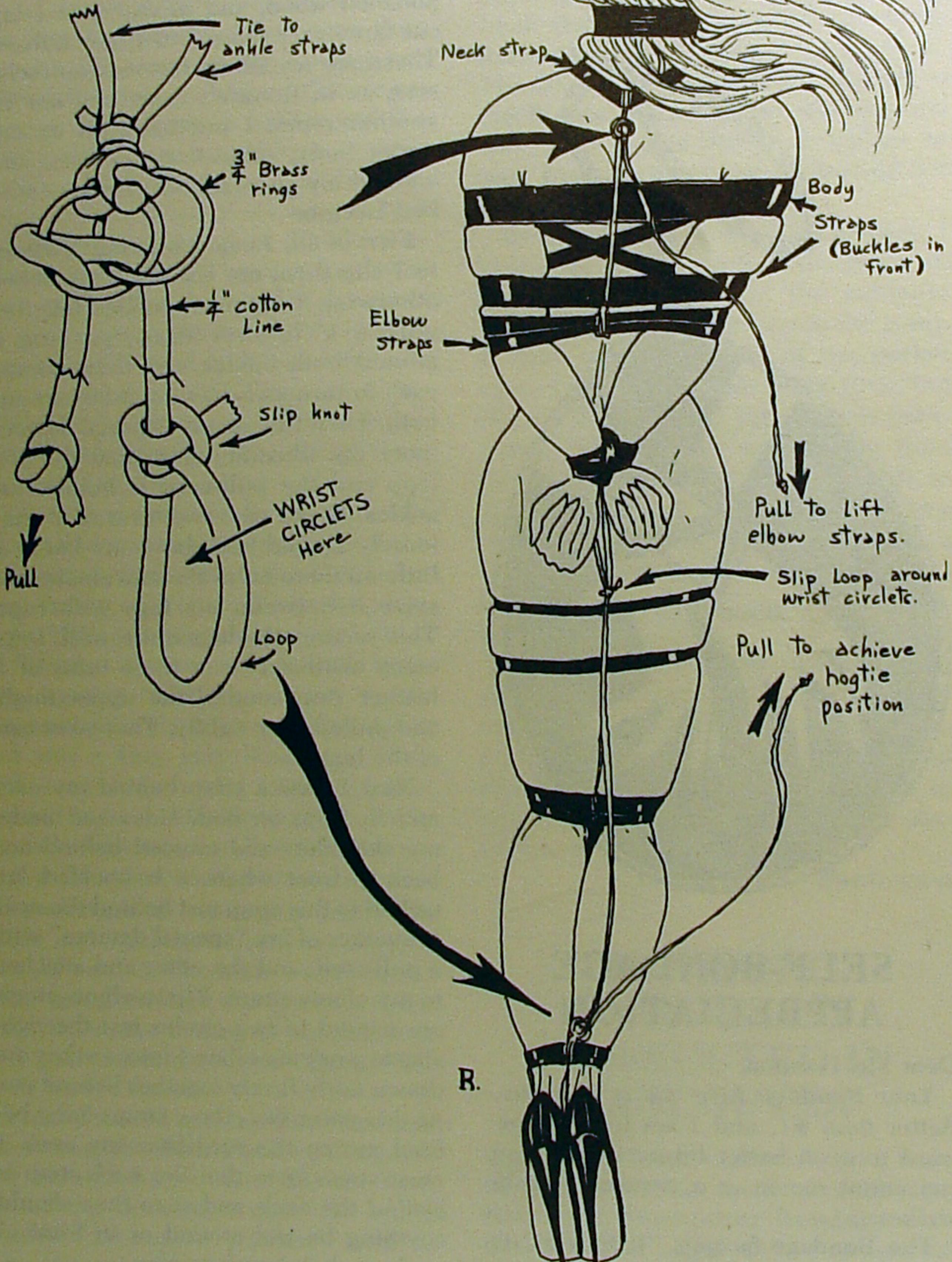
forehand and a perusal of my collection of bondage photos and books (especially *Bondage Life* and *John Willie*). I have an area of floor that is highly polished wood, and in that area I lay out three very sharp 3 to 4 inch knives. These are my safety factors...not scissors, as in Ronnie's case, and not in another room. I put baby oil on my upper body, elbows and wrists, and with all my gear laid out on the nearby bed I begin:

First of all, I enjoy wearing 5" heels, so I slip them on. Usually I am naked otherwise. I strap my ankles together with a 1" leather strap, passing it around both ankles and then around each in turn and drawing it fast around both. Then I tie on my "special device" (note my illustration) so that the slip loop and the pull-cord is behind my ankles. Now I pass two turns of 2" strap loosely around just above my knees (a little oil there helps the movement) and seize it between my legs with rope. This secures the legs quite well, but I enjoy another two or three turns of 1" leather strap around the upper thighs and pulled very tightly. That takes care of the legs.

Next I pass a strap behind my neck and in front on both sides and under my shoulders and crossed behind and back in front where it is buckled. Attached to this strap just behind the neck is another of my "special devices" with a pull cord, and the other end attached to my elbow straps. These elbow straps are wound in two circles just the right size to work my elbows into, so they are drawn fairly firmly together behind me. At this point the elbow straps hang behind me on the cord from my neck. I must stress here that the neck strap is *behind* the neck, and at *no* time should anything be put around or in front of one's neck in bondage play.

Now I take two or three 3" soft leather belts and pass each one around my upper body in turn. One at shoulder level, the other at mid-upper-arm and elbow level. They are buckled in front just within reach of the right hand (buckles on left, so that the right hand can reach around and pull the belt tighter when need be). At this point I pull them just so they won't slip down

"SPECIAL DEVICE"



my body.

I haven't mentioned a gag yet, because sometimes I like one and sometimes not. I usually use a long strip of rubber innertubing wrapped four or five times around with the bitter end tucked under the whole wrappings. This will hold quite firm without a knot.

I reach around with my right hand and pull each body strap tighter now, and especially the upper body one.

Now I am sitting on the edge of my bed, legs bound, neck strap on, upper body straps on and ready for the next step toward immobility. I have two circlets of black plastic (made from heavy-duty garbage bags cut into 8"

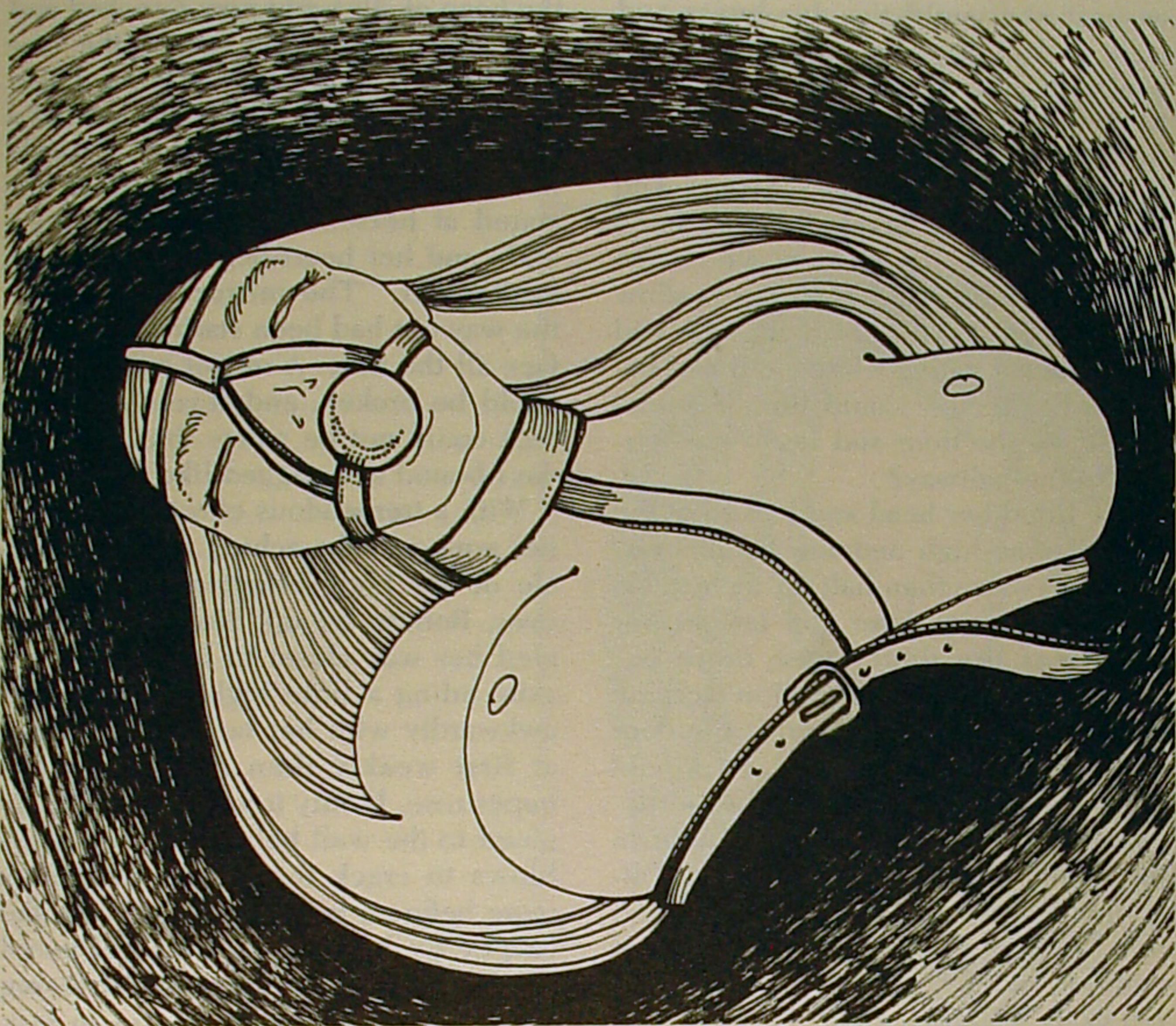
strips and knotted into circlets which pass three times around my wrists and into which I can slip my wrists). The circlets lie on the floor near the knives. I squirm down to the floor and roll onto my side. I find the elbow straps and push my hands into each hole and struggle to work them up above my elbows. As I am doing this I take one circlet and find the loop of my special device which comes from my ankle bonds. I pass my wrists through the first circlet from opposite sides, but with the slip-loop between my wrists and around the plastic bonds. Then (as did Ronnie in your story) I push my wrists into the second loop from the same side, side by side. This takes some serious struggling, and the oil helps this effort. Finally my wrists are through and the bondage is pretty firm and hopeless. Then find the loose end of cord from my shoulder strap and pull it inch by inch until my elbow straps are firmly secured upwards to the neck strap. This keeps the elbow straps from slipping downwards. Now I lie on my stomach and find the bitter end of my ankle cord and pull that in inch by inch until my wrists are being pulled toward my ankles. I find it possible with much struggling and pulling to bring my bound wrists within a few inches of my ankles. Now I am totally helpless in an arched hogtied position on the floor; bound, gagged and helpless. And now the squirming, sweating, frantic fun begins, and the only hope of salvation from my self-imposed predicament are the three knives near me.

When the beautiful frustration is over, and I am lying spent and aching with satisfaction and exhaustion it is a simple matter to roll onto my side and grope for one of the knives and cut the ankle cord and then the wrist circlets of plastic, reach around front with my right hand and unbuckle the body straps and be free at last.

If your readers wish to try this method, I would suggest they have a partner to supervise or act as lifeguard the first few times until they become adept at it. But, of course, if you have such a partner, who needs self-bondage? □

R.

RONNIE



A BONDAGE FANTASY

By Brian Sands

The Conclusion

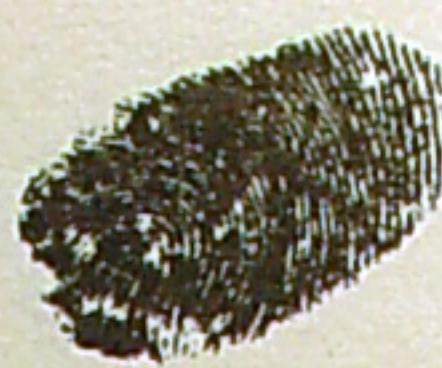
Her large basement had no window, nor was there a clock in the room, so Ronnie was unable to tell whether it was still night or Saturday morning daylight. Intermittently she struggled till exhausted, rested, then struggled again but she could make no headway on the bands of rayon cloth which circled her wrists snugly. The tightness of the cords wound around her arms and body above and below her breasts interfered with circulation. Her arms were numb and her hands and fingers tingled and prickled uncomfortably. Even if she could reach the pair of scissors lying in the hall tantalizingly on the other side of the firmly shut door, she doubted whether she could now manipulate them sufficiently well to cut the thin material. Although it was ordinarily soft to the touch, the rayon when stretched tight could chafe she found, making her wrists a little raw.

It could be days before anyone found her, or longer. Work at the secretarial agency was slow that month and if she did not turn up on Monday she would not be missed, not until a day or two later. "I've really done it now," she thought, "but I can't just lie here. Please, please someone come." She strained her ears, listening, but all she could hear was the distant sussuration of the surf, her stifled breathing and, it seemed, the rapid beating of her heart. Then there *was* something else. Usually in this beach house she had no visitors, no deliveries, could spend a weekend reading and writing without seeing anyone until her return to the city. And she liked it that way. Now the sound of a car approaching along the gravel path filled her with hope.

There was silence. She listened fearfully. Had she been mistaken? Then the sound of the door chimes tinkled through the house. Her answering cry seemed to be entirely in her head. She tried again but could make only a muffled sound in her throat. The gagging arrangement in and over her mouth was immovable and totally efficient. When the chimes did not sound again she screamed desperately, but could produce only a thin throaty squeal. There was no sound that she could make, even by thumping with her heels on the floor or the door, which could not be heard from the other side of the door, let alone the house.

The visitors had gone, whoever they were. They would not think to look in the garage where she had parked her car, and anyway she had locked the garage door. Ronnie tossed her head from side to side, fighting hopelessly against the gag. At least she was not choking or suffocating. However, what distressed her most was the gag. She could neither close nor open her mouth properly and the attempt to bite at the wedge jammed firmly between her teeth only muffled her more. She wondered how long she could last without water, especially with her mouth filled with cloth. Choking might come with dryness.

In a book on survival she had read how to cope with being bound. It described how to flex her muscles and



stiffen her limbs when the ropes were being tied and she had used that trick with some success when a friend was practising knots on her. The book had recommended that if she was ever tied inescapably she should not panic but simply wait until someone came and freed her. That was not relevant now, she thought bitterly, remembering how she had succumbed to panic from the start and how it was still very close to the surface. Secure bonds and tight gag reduced the outward signs of hysteria to a minimum. The book had suggested too that a gag might be loosened if rubbed against a rough surface like a carpet or hooked on something like a handle. Ronnie had not been thinking straight for hours; this might give some relief. However, she was doomed to disappointment. The scarves bandaged taut about her face could not be moved, either against the carpet which was deep and soft or on the smooth rounded plastic handles of the chest of drawers, the only items of furniture it was possible to catch the cloth on.

She rolled awkwardly away from the drawer handles and lay on her side, her knees bent slightly, her hair drooping tiredly to the floor. Her luxurious mane of dark hair was tousled about her face and she shook some of the heavy locks out of her eyes. Her blue velvet skirt had ridden up and bunched high around her thighs during her struggles. The third top button of her white satin blouse had come adrift and the flimsy lace of her sheer black bra peeped from the upper curves of her breasts. Her silk scarf had slipped around her neck so that its knot was at the back close to those of her gag. Even in such a disarray or perhaps because of it, in the plight she was in she would have been devastatingly beautiful to the eyes of many men (and women) had they been able to see her.

An hour later after she had recovered a little from disappointment and exhaustion from fighting her gag, Ronnie lifted her head and looked around the room, which had to all intents and purposes become her prison. "What would a film heroine have done in this situation?" she asked herself. She would have made a small grimace if not for the

tightness of the gag because it was the very enjoyment she had of the bondage scenes in B-grade mystery and detective stories on the screen which had helped get her into this mess. She had certainly overdone this experiment! What possibilities were there? Ignoring as best she could the numbness and ache in her arms and the smothering constriction of the gag, she did her best to remember how it was done so often in the films. There were no heroes to rescue her. In the film "Artists And Models" Shirley MacLaine had been able to bounce the chair to which she was tied close enough to a door to allow her to open it with her teeth (she had been gagged with a white cloth tied between her teeth). Could Ronnie somehow open the door and reach the scissors in the hallway?

She lifted her head and looked at the lock. It was high and the handle was small, no more than half an inch thick. Twenty minutes later she lay on her face near the door, once more exhausted. She had succeeded in working to a standing position against the door but, as she had suspected, it proved impossible to raise her arms further because they were secured immobile in the small of her back. When she did attempt it by bending forward, she lost her balance and fell heavily, almost winding herself. She had no strength left to try again.

Closing her eyes, she sobbed quietly in frustration and hopelessness. She felt lassitude and coldness; she was slipping into shock. She lay there for agonizing hours before she could again think clearly. When she did she rolled onto her side once more and looked wearily around the room. Was there no hope? How else did a screen heroine free herself? She searched her mind for other films she had seen. In "Apache Woman" the cowgirl heroine had been tied to a chair by the villains with plenty of rope and gagged by having her own white neck scarf tied between her teeth. She had freed herself by cutting her bonds on the sharp edges of glass from a bottle broken when she knocked it off a table. A long sequence had shown this. But there were no bottles in this room; nothing that could be

broken.

Ronnie lay with a moan onto her back and closed her eyes again. She could not shut out the situation. Surely something could be done. She rolled to her side and lay staring ironically at the reflection in the mirror of tousled hair, the heap of silky and now bunched and creased garments, the ropes, the face half hidden in a broad silk bandage: herself. "I wanted to play the part of a captive," she thought, "and I certainly have my wish." For a long time she stared at herself, then her eyes grew wide and her heart began to beat with excitement. "The mirror!" Of course, the way out had been staring her in the face all the time. A mirror was glass; it could be broken, and seven years bad luck could not be worse than lying for days bound and gagged like this.

With a tremendous effort, the pain of her arms and the aching in every muscle of her body bringing tears to her eyes, Ronnie sat up. Slowly she wriggled her way closer to the mirror, her skirt riding a little higher. She kicked awkwardly with her heels at the glass, at first weakly then stronger as her hopes rose. If only it was not too tightly glued to the wall behind! It took many blows to crack the mirror and many more before a large chunk fell onto the carpet by her feet. There followed another hour of wriggling and straining agonisingly, with many pauses to rest, before Ronnie felt the bands of rayon slacken and fall away one by one. Very slowly and with great difficulty she worked one arm out from the two sets of windings around her body. Circulation was restored. Her arms and hands burned and prickled and she could not prevent herself from whimpering behind the gag. It was a long time before nerveless fingers could pluck at the knots at the back of her head with any chance of loosening them.

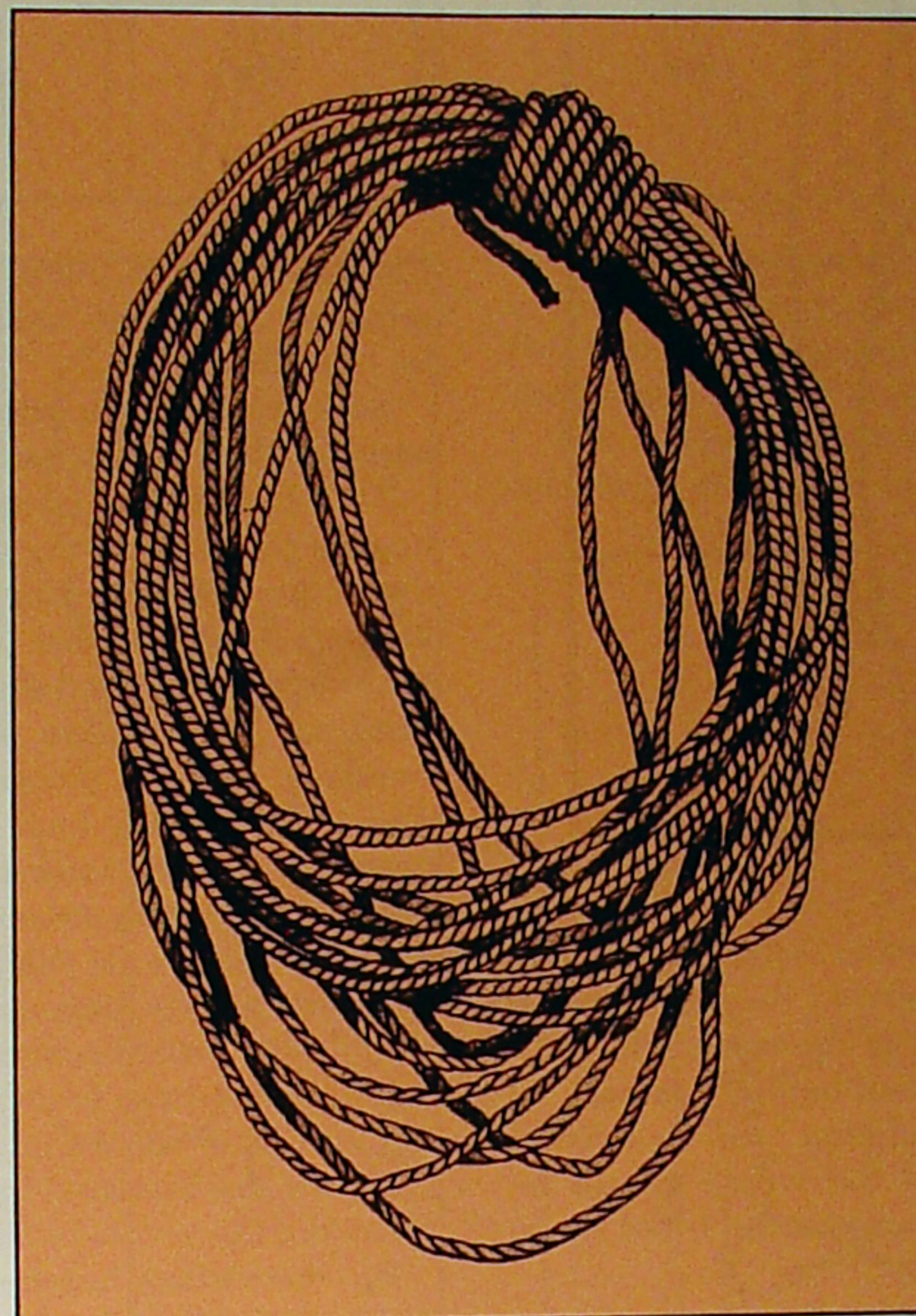
It was Sunday morning Ronnie found when she staggered weakly upstairs and ran a glorious hot bubble bath to soak out the aches and bruises. "My God, I was tied and gagged for more than thirty-six hours," she said to herself shakily. There would be a next time, and she would use far more care with future experiments □

BONDAGE PRIMER

LESSON 3 – TIEING ONE ON... TO ONE'S SELF, THAT IS

By T.A.

In lessons past, T. A. has shown us the ropes – the right ones to use – and some fast and fancy wristwork. This time, he shows us how to make your bound lady feel secure even when there isn't anything around to tie her to – it's just you, she, a handful of rope and an unfurnished, completely empty room. The secret then is in the foundation – set up a non-restraining network of ropes around her lovely self to which the restraining ropes can be attached and the two of you can forget about splurging on furniture, at least as far as bondage is concerned.



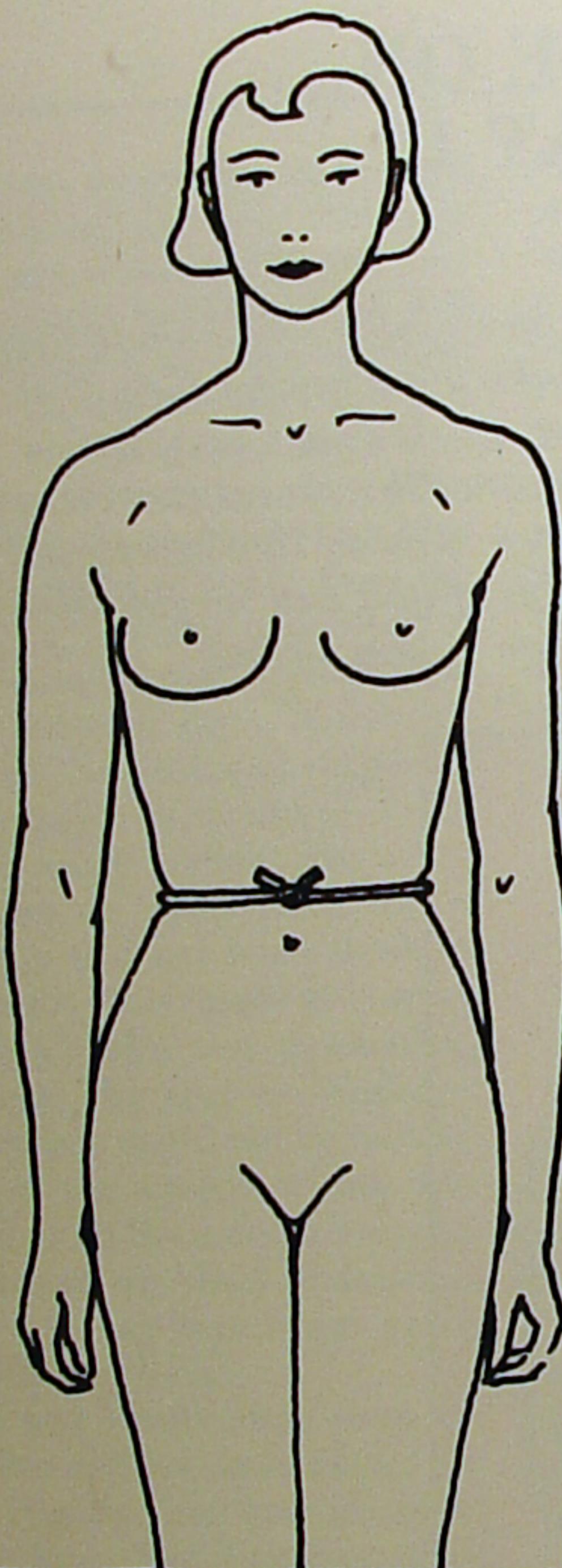
Those who enjoy "Bondage for Pleasure" realize that the mechanics of bondage must be understood in order that the sensations and emotions resulting from firm restraint can be fully savored. Learning the mechanics can be approached in different ways. Sometimes the dominant party will prefer to study the techniques in advance, so that when he and his bondage partner engage in a session the cords are applied with a smooth show of expertise. In other cases, the partners may have a lot of fun experimenting and practicing together, perfecting their technique by trial and error. These articles are intended to help smooth the way for either approach.

Bondage methods can be divided into two basic types. In one the subject is bound to some item of furniture or special device. The variations possible in the latter category are

practically limitless. This article will address itself to the first category, that of binding by the use of cords only. Here also there are many possible positions, methods, and variations, and the "standard" methods are well-known. Here we will discuss a not-so-well-known technique that adds still more variations.

This technique involves what are variously known as "body foundations" or "body harnesses." These might be defined as preliminary bondage applied to the body that is not in itself restraining, but that is designed to lend security to the final restraining bondage. Its purpose is to provide fastening points that are firmly attached to the body, to which the restraining bonds can be anchored.

The simplest foundation is one or several turns of cord knotted snugly around the waist.



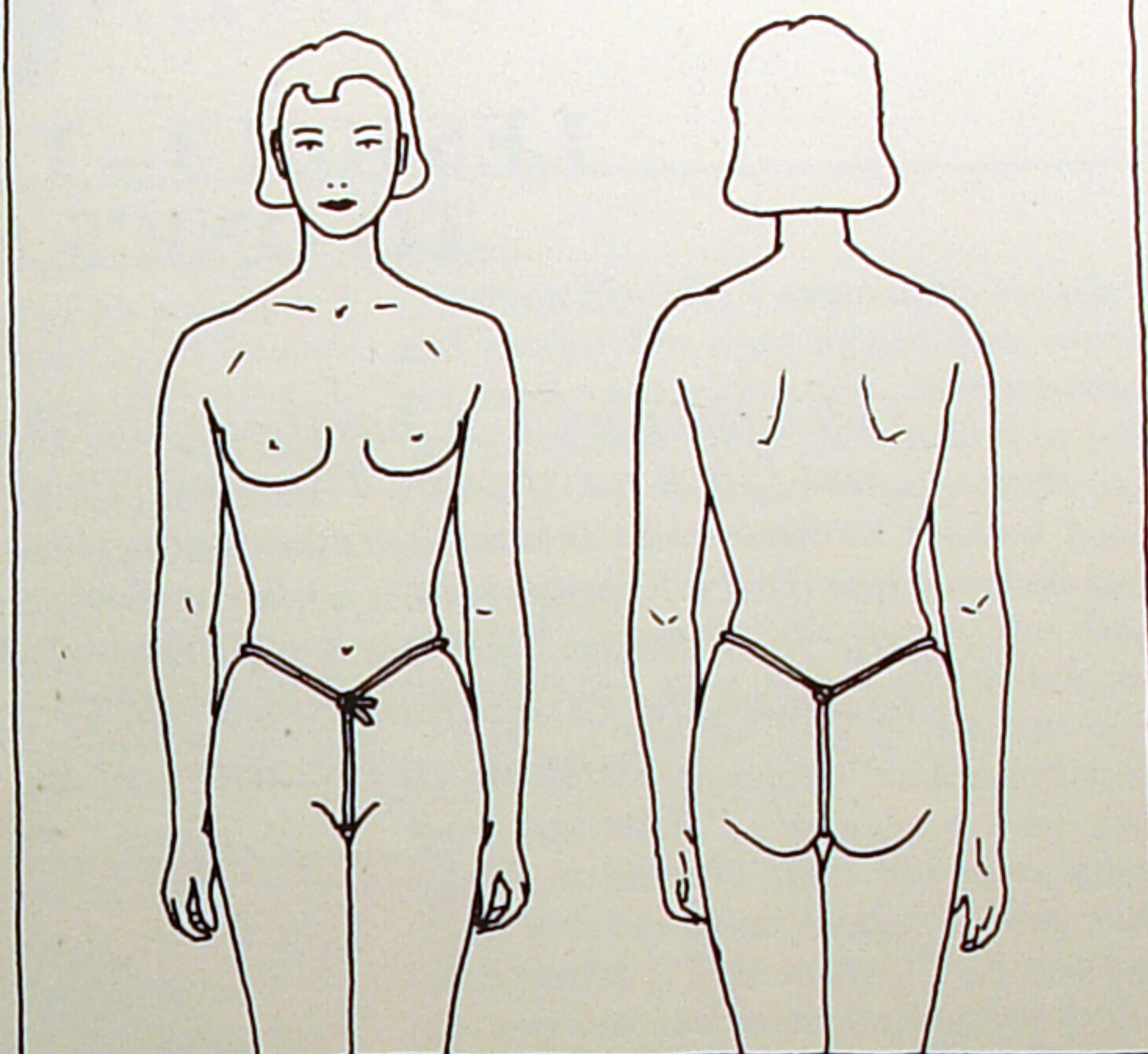
The subjects' wrists are bound together, either in front or in back and are then fastened securely to the waist cords. This severely restricts the movement of the arms. The subject is quite helpless if the wrists are tied behind her back. If they are tied in front, the waist "foundation" can be twisted around the body to some extent, but the wrists cannot be moved away from the body and they cannot be lifted up to where the teeth can work at the knots.

To improve upon the "waist foundation," a simple device called a "saddle-strap" is added. The waist cord is applied a bit looser and is knotted in back, leaving a long end. This long end is then passed between the legs, drawn up firmly in front, and knotted to the front of the waist cord.

It is best to let the subject herself position and adjust the saddle-strap, to achieve the least discomfort in the tender area it traverses. Depending on the length of time that the cord remains in place between the legs, and the mood prevailing, she may find it to be quite stimulating or just plain uncomfortable. In either case, she will be very much aware that it is there.

The result is a simple and extremely effective foundation that has many uses.

The wrists can be tied together and fastened to the knot on the abdomen or the one at the small of the back. The arms will be more comfortable than with the plain waist founda-



tion because the point of fastening is lower down and the arms are in a more natural position. The foundation cannot be twisted around.

An interesting variation is to tie one wrist to the front knot and the other to the back knot.

This foundation is useful as a variation of the common hog-tie position. In the ordinary hog-tie, the subject lies face down, her wrists are tied together behind her back, her ankles are tied together leaving long ends, and her legs are then drawn back and the long ends are fastened to the wrist binding. The degree of discomfort of this very effective bondage method depends upon how tightly the legs are drawn back. If the knees are bent only to a right angle, the position is quite tolerable for long periods, although after several hours the desire to straighten the legs can become totally obsessive. If the legs are drawn very firmly back, the position quickly becomes very uncomfortable and the tension on the wrist bindings becomes painful.

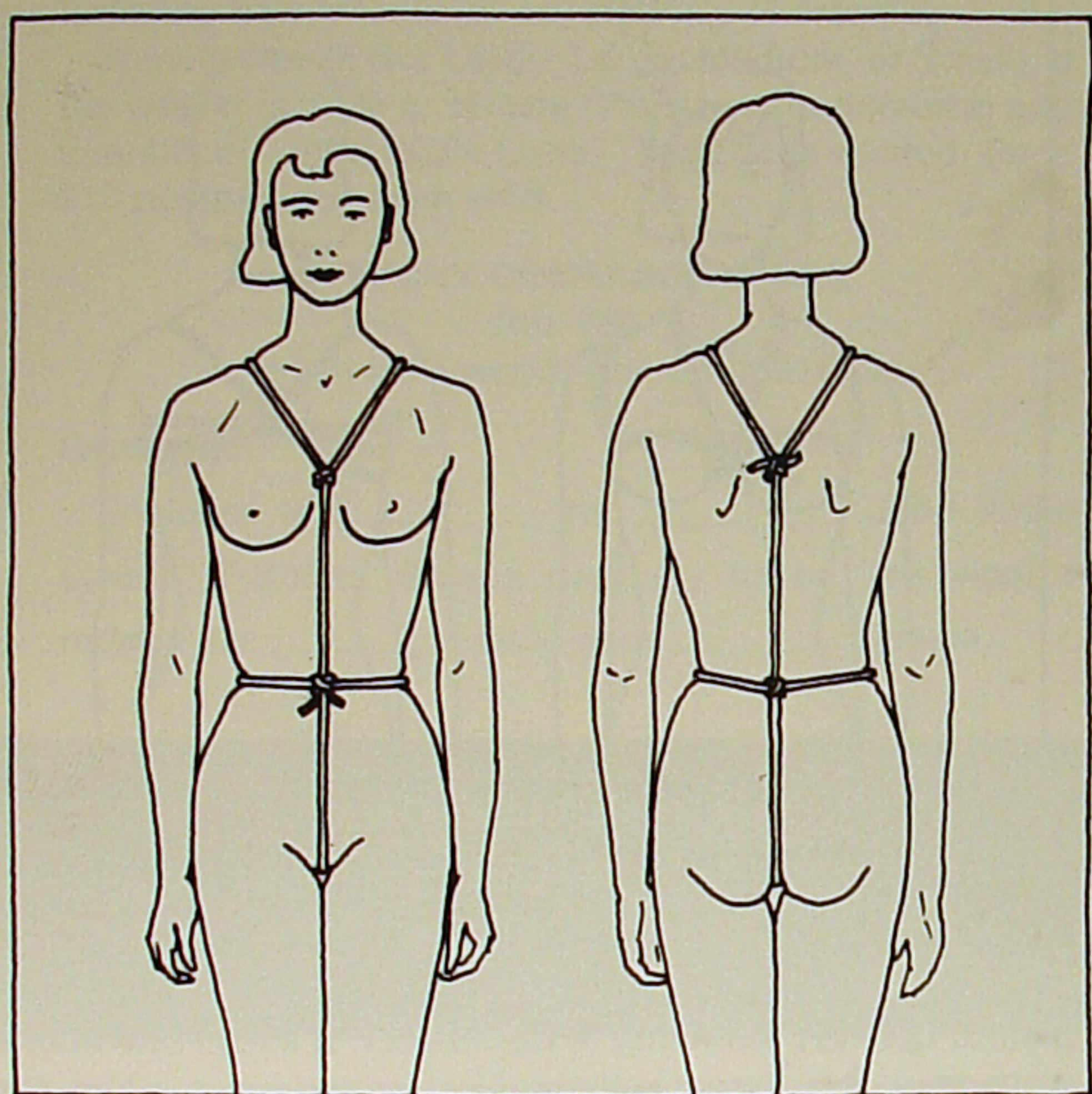
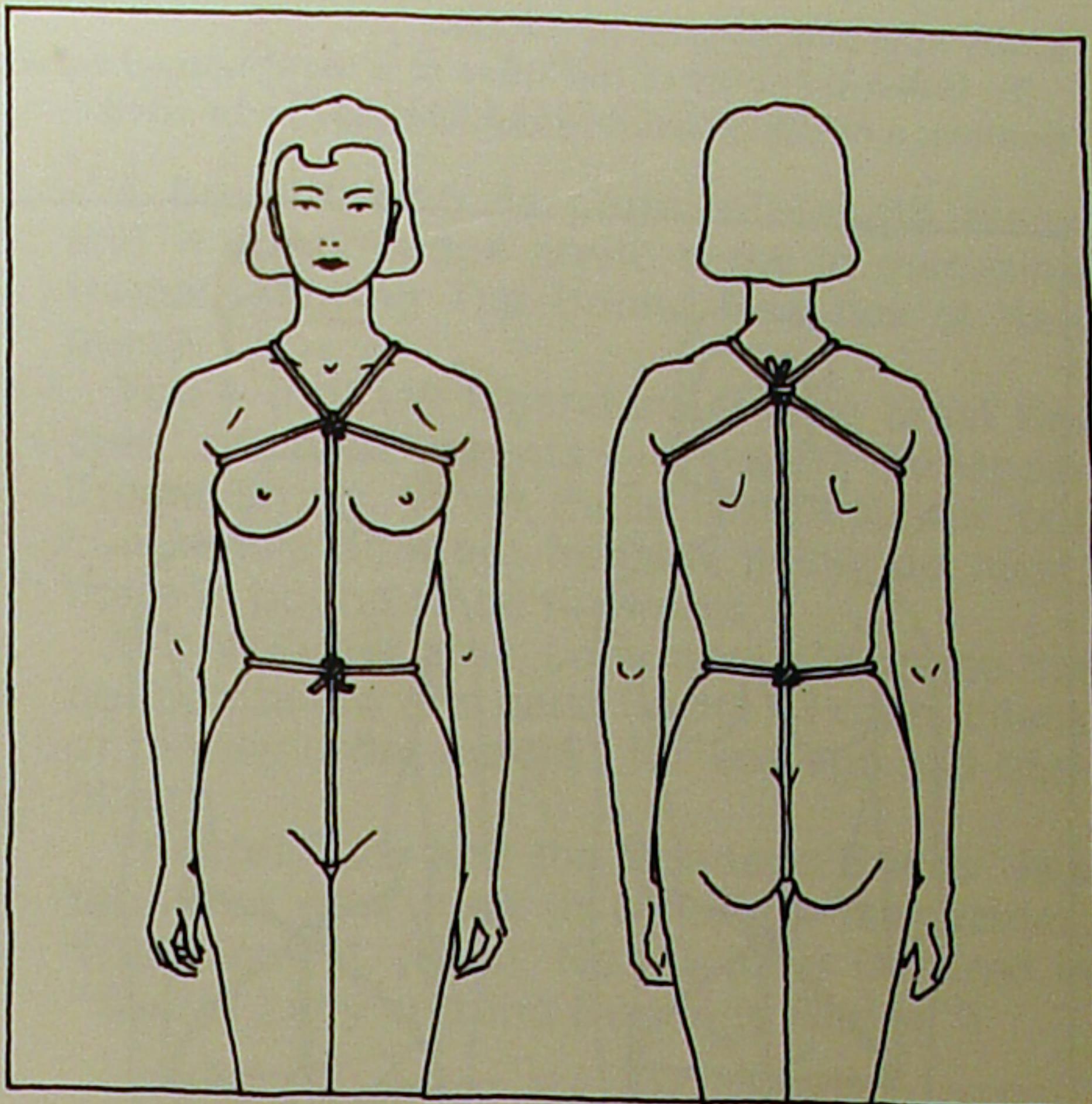
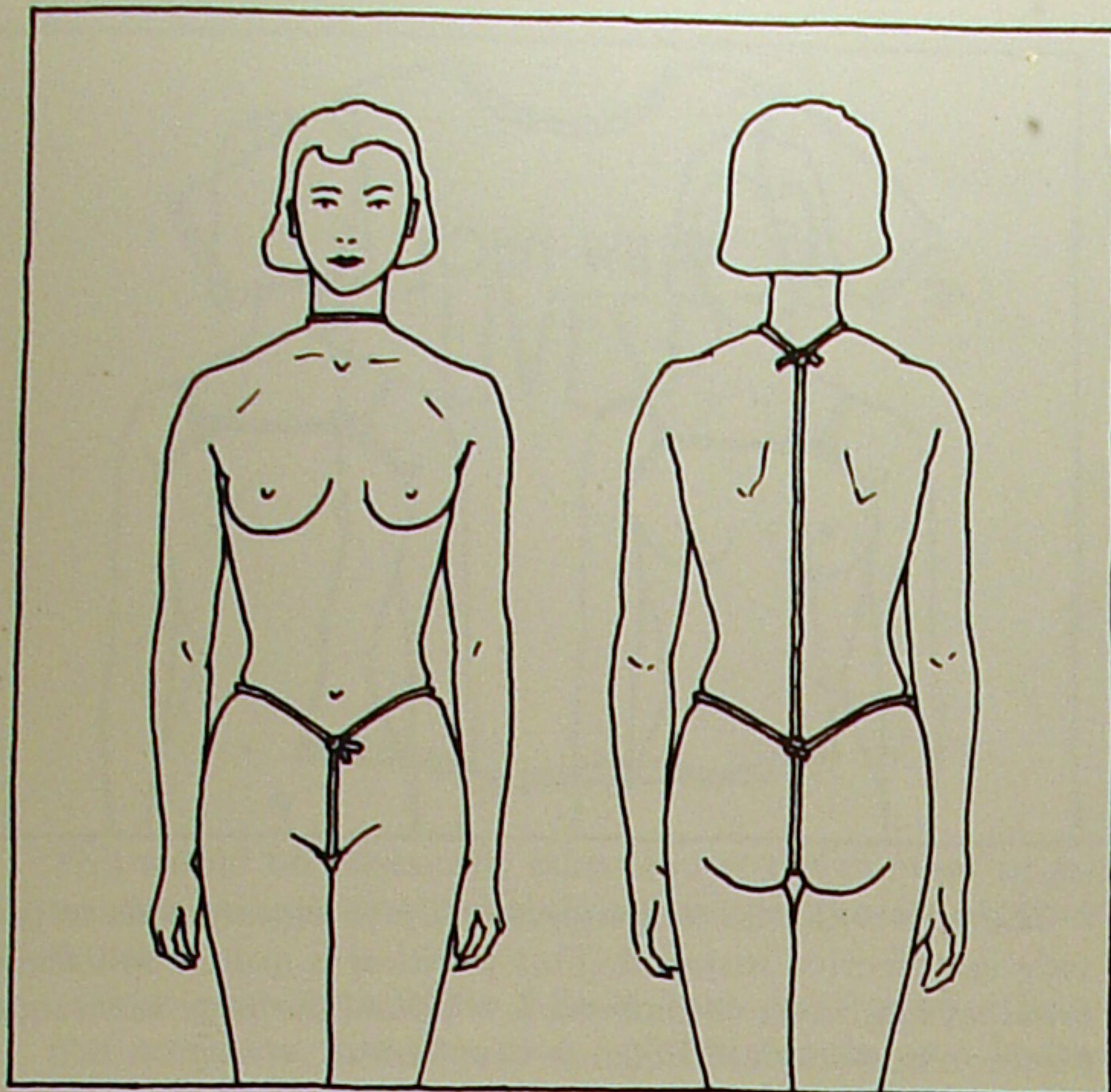
If a saddle-strap foundation is used, the wrists are fastened to the back of the foundation, and the cords holding the legs back are also fastened to the back of the foundation, thereby relieving the wrists of the rope tension.

An interesting hog-tie variation is possible by tying the wrists to the front knot of the saddle-strap, and then drawing the legs back and fastening them to the back knot of the saddle-strap.

Certain additions can be made to the saddle-strap harness. The following sketch shows a means for assuring that the subject will stand or sit in a smartly erect posture.

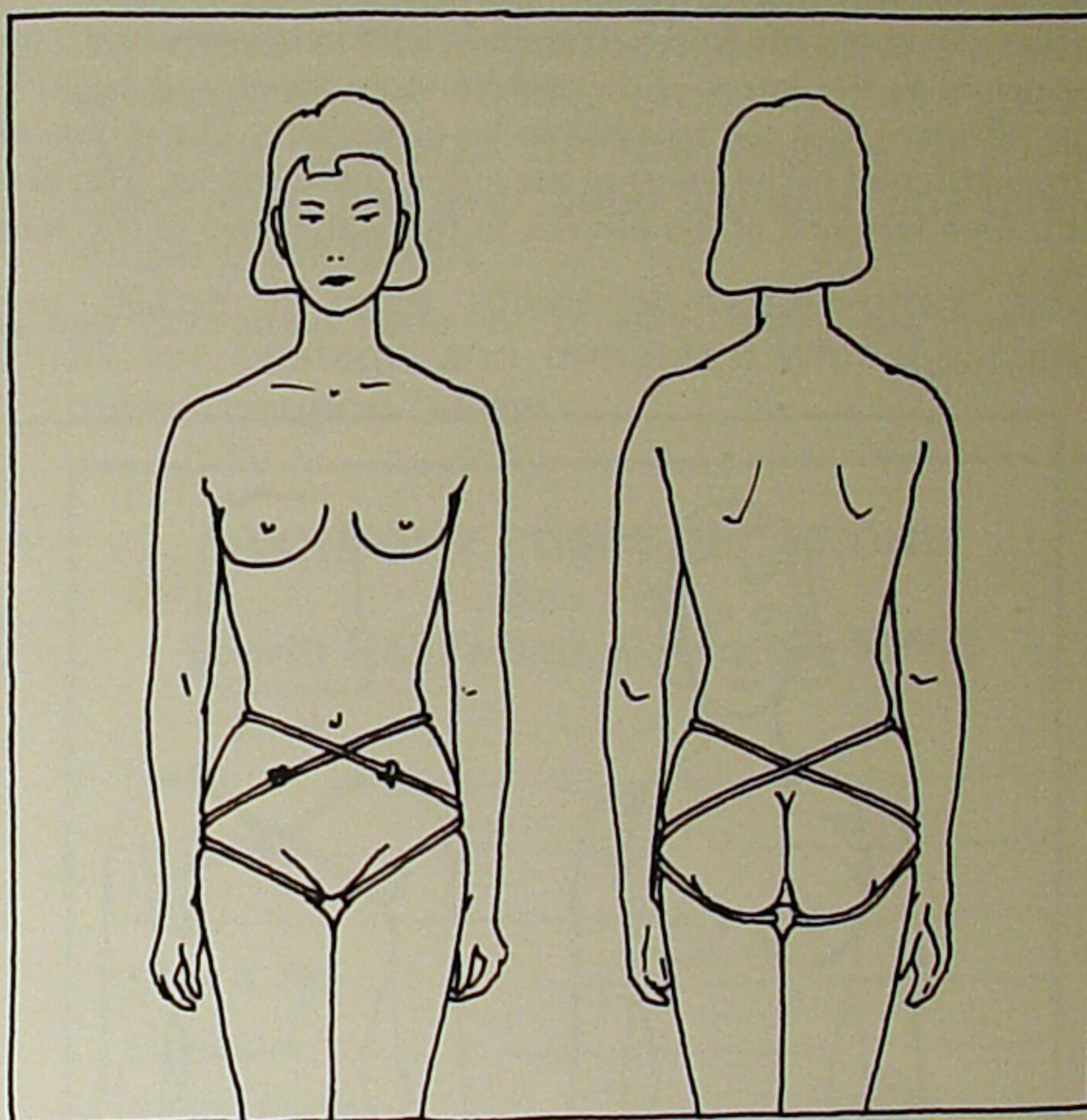
It isn't uncomfortable as long as she maintains this posture but it becomes very much so if she doesn't. The cord around the neck must not be too tight and must be tied with a firm knot that can't slip. A cord is led down the back to the back knot of the saddle-strap. The subject is then directed to stand very erect and the cord is pulled up snugly and fastened. The wrists can then be tied either in front or in back. This device should not be used with the hog-tie, as the pull of the legs can cause pressure on the front of the neck.

A more extensive addition to the saddle-strap harness is shown on next page.



A cord passes under the armpits and over the breasts and is securely knotted to anchor the shoulder cords in place. With this method the upper knots should be fairly high up so that the breasts are not crushed downward.

The following sketch shows a foundation that is useful in anchoring the wrists to the sides of the hips.



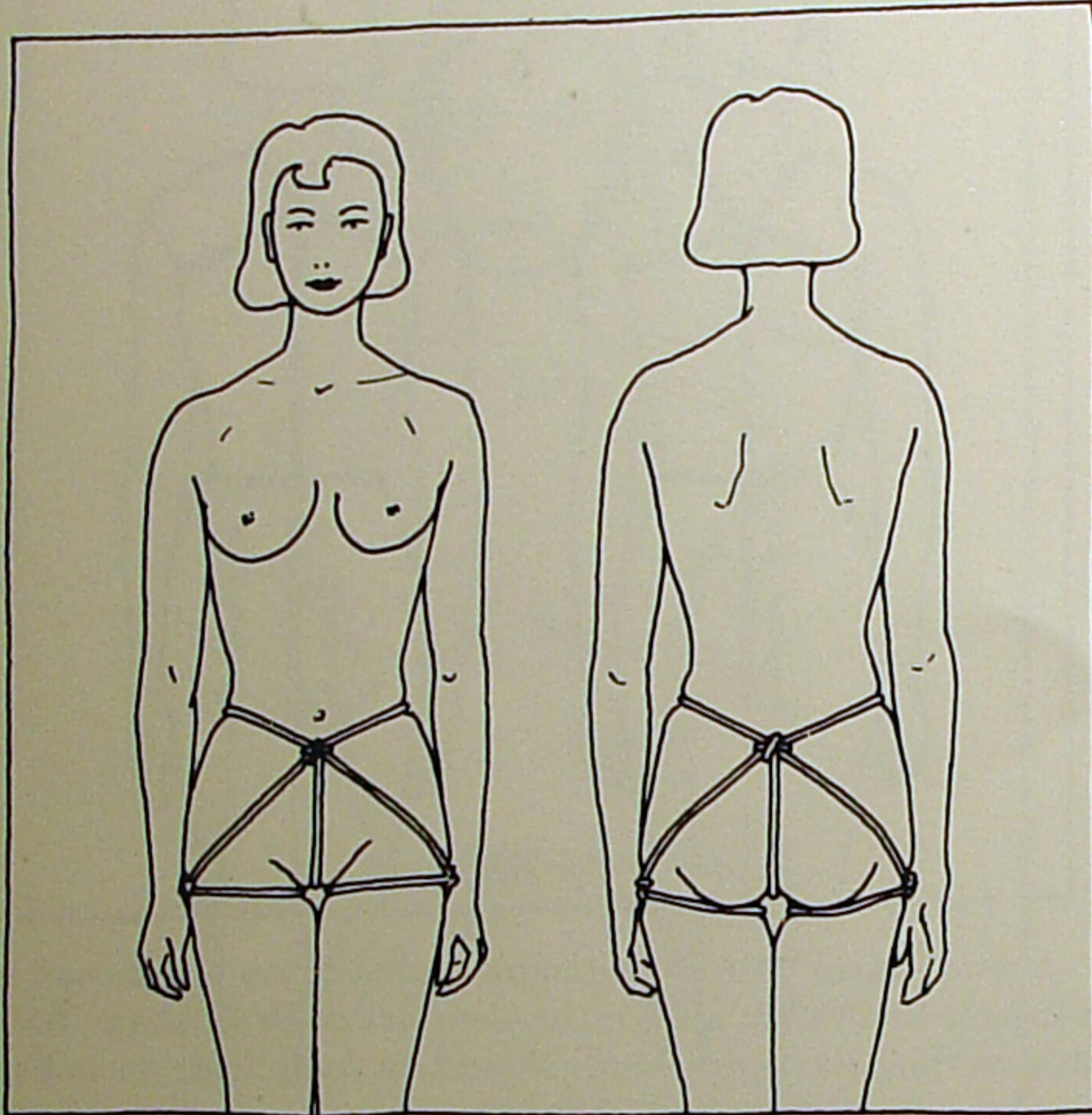
This method moves the waist knots of the saddle-strap higher up on the body and provides two more fastening points, one in back between the shoulder blades and one in front between the breasts. There are now many possibilities for binding the wrists. They can be tied together in back and fastened to the back of the waist or they can be pulled up to an unnatural and uncomfortable position high up on the back. In front they can be fastened to either knot in quite comfortable positions. A severe state of helplessness can be achieved by tying one wrist to the upper knot in front, and twisting the other arm up behind the back and fastening its wrist to the upper knot.

A drawback to this form of harness is that the subject can hunch her shoulders and slouch forward to make the cords over the shoulders go slack. A further addition to the harness prevents this slackness.

Actually it consists of two independent harnesses, one right hand and one left hand. A cord is passed between the legs and the ends are brought around the thigh. The ends are crossed at the side of the hip and then brought diagonally up around the waist and knotted. The wrist is fastened to the point where the cords cross on the hip. The wrists will be positioned slightly above a normal position and the elbows will be crooked slightly to the back. Cords can then be passed from elbow to elbow and pulled up tautly to achieve

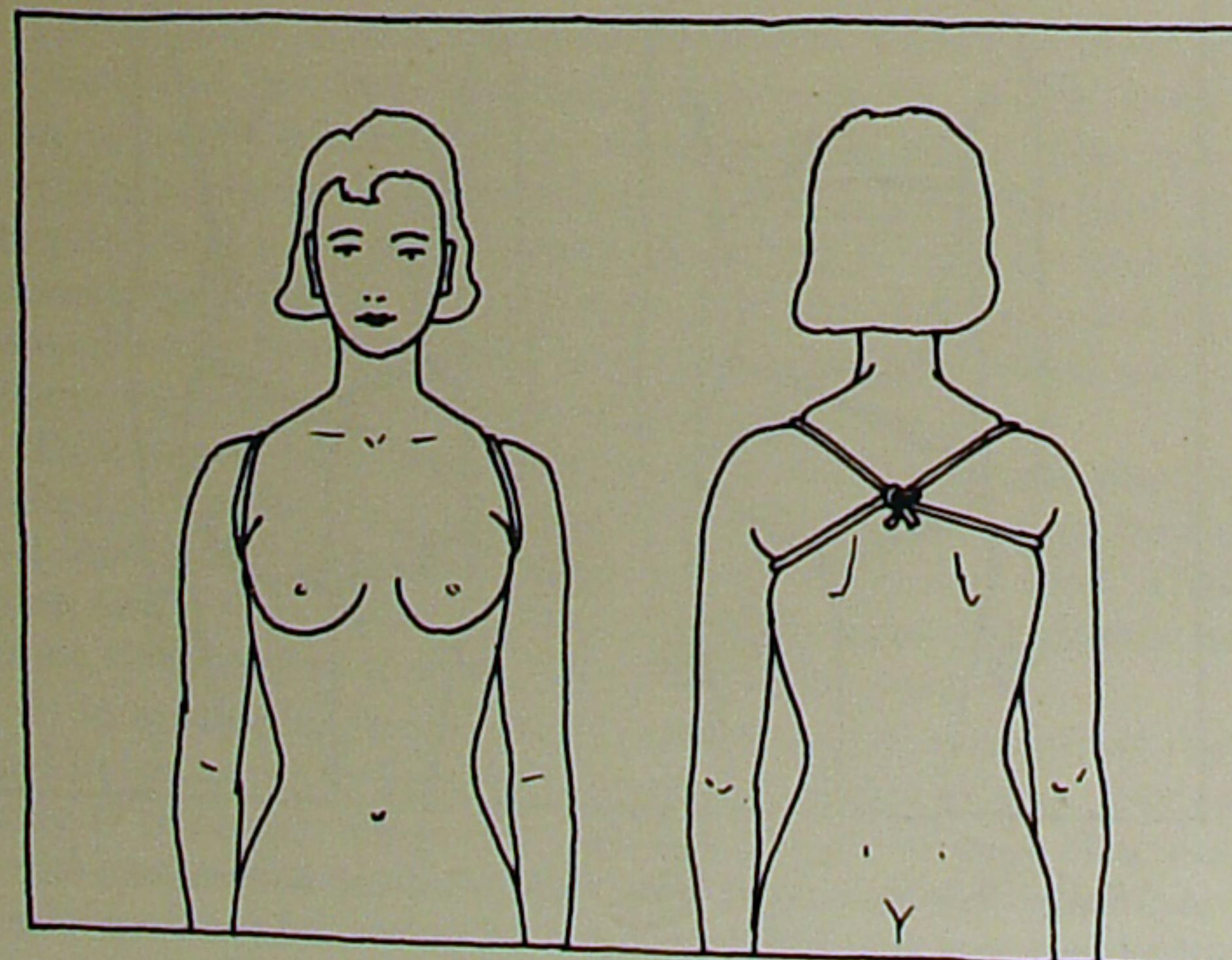
a very effective restraint of the arms.

To fasten the arms to the sides in a more normal relaxed position, a modified saddle-strap harness can be used.



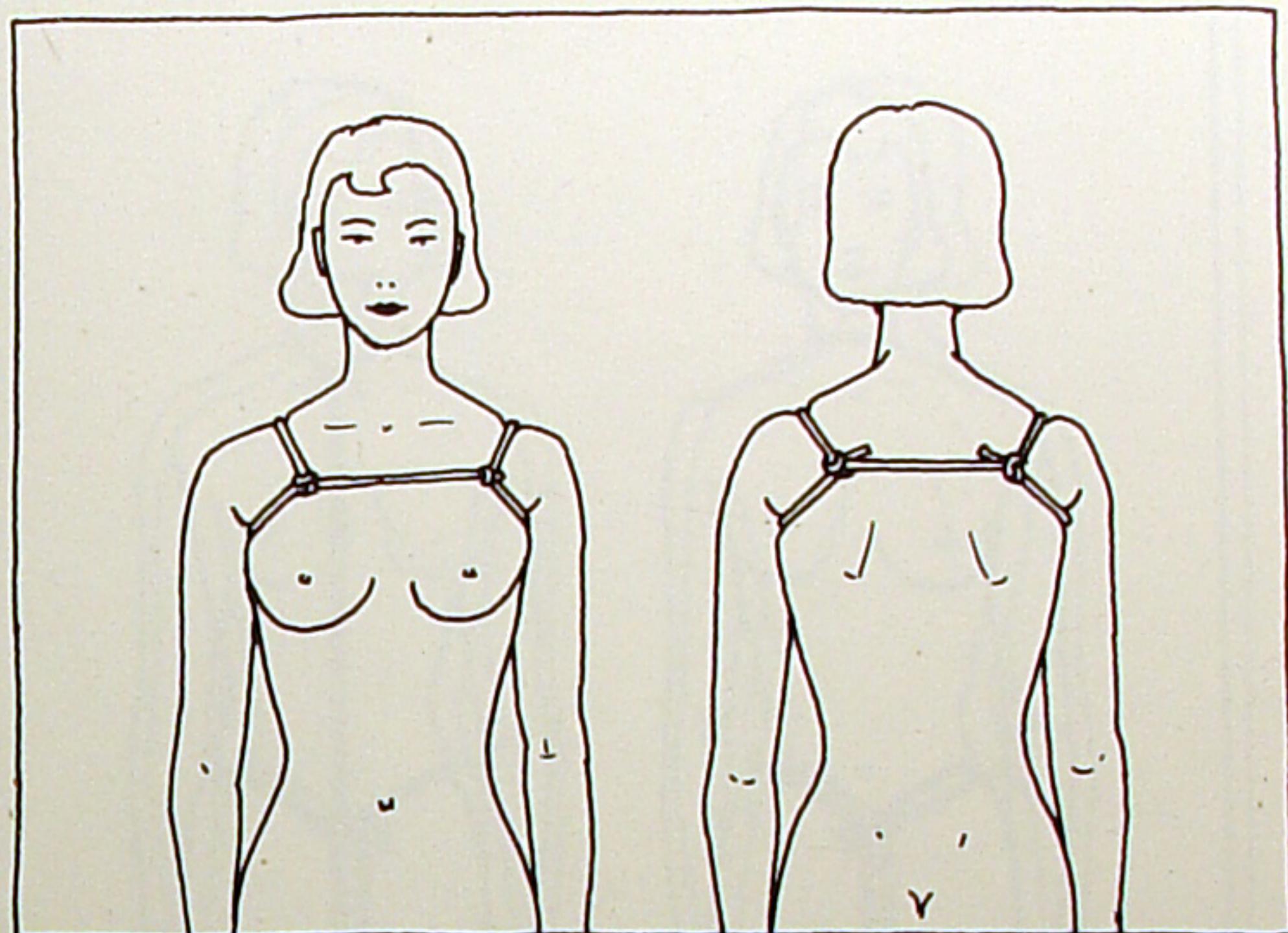
The basic saddle-strap foundation is applied first. Next, cords are tied firmly around the thighs and knotted at the sides, leaving long ends. The ends are then brought up and fastened to the knots of the saddle-strap, front and back. To be effective, this harness has to be quite firm. The wrists are then fastened to the knots at the sides of the thighs. The arms are then fastened at the elbows to the waist cord of the foundation.

There are several types of "shoulder harnesses" that are effective.

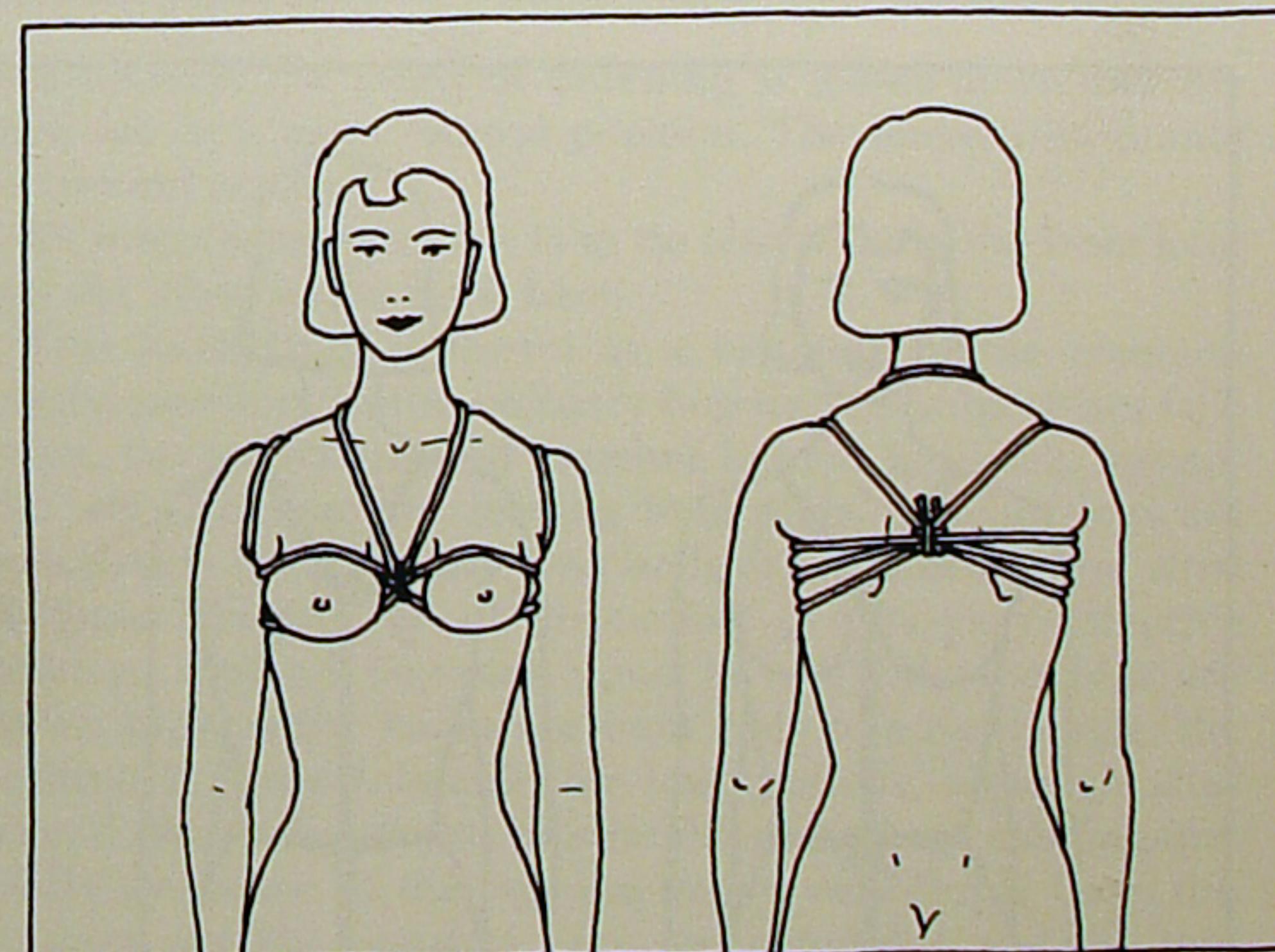


The above harness is useful in providing an anchor point high up on the back. Wrists tied together behind the back can be pulled up into a quite severe position by attaching bindings to this point.

The simple but effective harness shown below provides two useful anchor points above the breasts.



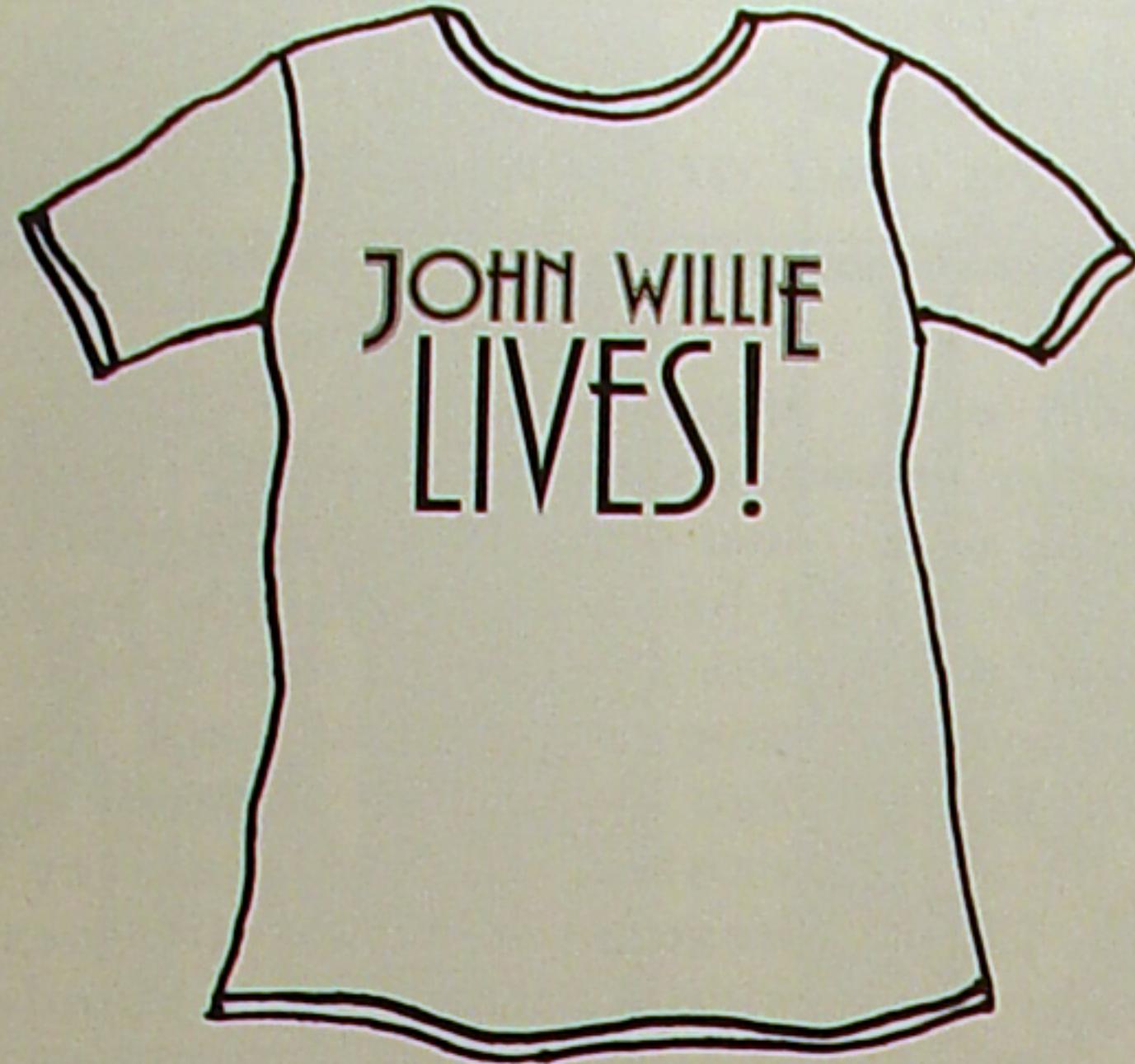
The wrists can be tied individually to these points to provide an effective restraint. This position is quite comfortable for sleeping; however, after a few hours, the urge to straighten the elbows would become very strong.



The above harness is a quite severe arrangement. The shoulders are pulled sharply back and very rigid anchor points are provided front and back. The cords passing over and under the breasts create a clamping effect that is not painful but very annoying to the subject. If a firm brassiere is worn over this harness, the subject experiences a taut and insistant "trussed-up" feeling, and the arrangement is useful as an artificial discomfort.

All of these foundations should be applied firmly to the body, and as a result there will be places on the body where the cords will press more firmly than at other places. The saddle-strap belt will press against the hip bones and the shoulder harness will press against the collar bone. Care should be used to avoid placement of knots at these points whenever possible.

There are many other possible foundations that can be applied to the body. A clever and complicated example was devised by John Willie and is described in a letter to a correspondent (see "The Adventures of Sweet Gwendoline" by Belier Press). The above descriptions are intended to kindle inventiveness by "bondage for pleasure" people, to develop their own favorite methods □



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Answers to Page 36 Title Search Game

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The Golden Mistress
The Corrupt Ones
Deadlier Than The Male
Hercules Unchained
The Thief of Bagdad
The Cossacks
The Yellow Rolls-Royce

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Conversation with Eric Stanton

Continued from page 39

private hands, but I don't have any. I think whatever Klaw hadn't sold probably was part of the material he destroyed during the trial back in the 1960's.

Some of your serials, such as "Duchess of the Bastille" and "Jasmin's Predicament," are set in the past. Where do you pick up ideas on how to make your settings look authentic?

Well, Irving had all those files, photographs from costume and period pictures, which gave me some idea. But I really didn't use them that much though since, if you start setting a scene which you really haven't created yourself, you lose too much. So you've got one picture and what are you going to do next?

When you began drawing, bondage literature was almost totally underground and limited to a handful of artists and writers, yet you very quickly began working some incredibly complicated equipment and devices into your stories. Where were the ideas coming from?

I generated my own ideas concerning devices.

Your ideal woman — what does she look like? Have you drawn her?

Oh, I draw her all the time. Except when she has muscles.

Is she in "Bound in Leather?"

Definitely.

Is she the mother or the daughter?

She's the mother.

What do you consider sexy in clothing?

I like cotton in a way. Leather at times, depending. But, you see, there is a reason I don't like leather a lot — it has to be absolutely perfectly made. So many times the leather doesn't fit the body. That's the absolute worst. But when leather does fit right, then I appreciate it a lot.

Situations. You like women on women situations. You are quite clearly heterosexual, you adore women. They can be driving each other through a park on a jitney and that's fine with you, right?

Absolutely. Women are exciting... sexy. I've seen things that just two women do... there is nothing like it because the communication is so good sometimes.

Do you get letters from women?

Oh, sure.

What do they say? Titillate us a little.
I've received letters from many women

"For some women, it's a complete lift-off for them to come on and attack you."

who like particular fantasies and want me to illustrate them. They order my material. I've met a lot of women who have fetishes.

Is bondage a woman's fetish ever?

Yes, certainly. A lot of women love to be bound, spanked, taken. Some women are attracted to me because they feel I have a Satanish look. I hear from a lot of masochistic females. But I come on pretty strong too. When it comes to women, I feel I'm very dominant. Still, I like to be dominated too. For some women, it's a complete lift-off for them to come on and attack you.

Tie you up? That sort of thing — do you allow that to happen to you?

Oh, sure. Why not? It's an ego trip.

For whom?

For me. If a woman is aggressive to me and wants to take me, my God, it makes me feel handsome. It makes me feel beautiful. If a woman just lies down and waits for me to do everything, I feel she doesn't care for me. But, if she goes to all the trouble of tying me up, she must want me a lot.

Do you prefer women nude or dressed?

To be honest with you, I dislike women nude. I don't think a nude body is attractive. Of course, there are some, but not many. I think just a bra and panties or even a bathing suit is more attractive than a nude body.

How many people do you suppose care about what you do? Are there thousands?

Millions.

Okay, you say millions, but you certainly haven't been contacted by that many people, so how do you come up with that figure?

I would say I have millions of readers. In the amount of years I have been drawing, I know I have heard from many thousands and I know there are even more who wouldn't dare write. I sat in a bar one day... my wife and someone else and the guy sitting next to us started talking and asked if I was an artist. I said, yeah, and he said, you know, the best artist in the world is Eric Stanton. I said I think I've seen some of his work. Why do you feel he's the best? The guy just shrugged that Stanton is a genius, that's all. That may have been my greatest moment, the

biggest lift. Here was someone really praising me without even knowing that I was the one he was talking about. I had a heck of a time proving that I was Stanton and then I had a heck of a time getting rid of him.

You seem more attracted to the dark, exotic, almost sinister style of beauty — both as villainess and as victim — than to the blonde virginal style of heroine exemplified by Gwendolyn. Do you think this is true and why so?

I love drawing that poor little blonde victim. But the problem is, as I said, that I have to make money and so I have to draw what I am asked to draw and the blonde seems more popular. **What are the most erotic bondage positions you can imagine, either in reality or as you might draw them?**

I like to see the front view and I like to see the back view, so I am a little disturbed there since I like to see the whole figure if possible. So my most pleasurable thing is to see a girl in bondage in a mirror.

Coming and going.

Coming and going. That to me is the most erotic. You get the continuation, front and back, and you thus get the feeling of being there, of knowing everything that's happening.

Do you not shoot photographs?

I don't. I can't get what I want from a photo, but I can certainly draw it. But I did pose a lot of pictures for Irving Klaw, his bondage and fighting girls.

I take it then that you met Betty Page.

Ah, yes.

Let's talk about Betty Page.

She was my first love.

Really? Did you try to date her?

No, I think I must have placed her too high on a pedestal in my mind at the time. I was married too, so...

What are your impressions of Betty Page from those days?

Just a fine girl. She was the easiest person in the world to work with. Didn't Paula tell you that? She was just a natural... beautiful legs. Fire in her eyes, a full woman, but still someone you could take advantage of and you could also be dominated by her. She had both qualities. She was so sweet.

Were you a little in awe of her?

Oh, yeah. Maybe she would have even



Eric Stanton, circa 1953



Eric Stanton, circa 1956



Eric Stanton, circa 1963



gone out with me, but I was the kind of person ... you know, being married ... I wouldn't have brought it up.

But I sense you weren't happily married.

I don't think I was and I was a pretty sick guy in those days.

Sick?

I had a bad back for 10 years ... I practically crawled.

Sounds like an injury. From the Navy?

Probably, because I was hit by a five-inch shell casing and that laid me up for a long time.

But the problem eventually went away apparently.

Yoga. Thank God for yoga. Once I started, I went from 189 down to 148, from a 36 inch waistline to a 28. Took two years. Everyday, as much yoga as I could take. Great pain, but, without it, I probably would have killed myself.

We thank God that you didn't. Lois Meriden, Shirley Maitland, did you know them?

Sure, Shirley was pretty, but I don't really remember much about her. Lois was terrific, an adorable person. I haven't seen any of them since those days.

A profile of the people who like your work. What are they like? What kind of composite emerges?

Well, I associate sensitivity and intelligence with bondage, because, if you are subject to fantasizing, then you are sensitive and intelligent. But that's just an impression I've formed from the people I've met and what pops out of the letters I get. I've had a Shakespearean actor ... he could recite the most eloquent lines and he was personally that way, but when he explained his fantasy to me, he turned into a 10 year old boy. Literally.

You mean he actually regressed?

Yes. It was just a beautiful way for him to get back to a part of life that he wanted to hang onto, a particular scene or fantasy that meant so much to him. What causes a man, or, for that matter, a female to find something pleasurable and appealing about a woman tied up? Who really knows. I think it goes back beyond even what is considered the probable imprint period of adolescence. Maybe it can even be genetic — something recurring along the genetic bloodline. I used to think my fantasy began at 11, then I said no, it was 5. Then, I thought I might have enjoyed that at 2 or 3. I believe that.

So it was more a matter of whatever that pre-adolescent psychology is that imprinted you than some movie or

scene in a magazine that aroused these peculiar feelings in you.

Well, I used to think that the very first thing that ever turned me on happened when I was 5 years old, an act between a girl and me. But I realized later that I hadn't been forced into that scene, I had created it, which means I had some appetite for it already. It was not an accident and it was not her idea, so it had to have been my idea. My conclusion now is that I planned it when I was five. So that fantasy which turned me on had already been in my head.

Did this have something to do with bondage?

It was cops and robbers. I tied her up and then she came back and tied me up.

And it was all pleasurable.

Yes, I had planned it beforehand. It was what I wanted.

Movies. Did you see a movie when you were young that may have reinforced this?

I saw a lot.

Do you remember some of them?

I will say that "Perils of Nyoka" had the most in it. There were lots of other pictures that had at least one short scene.

The reference in "Bound in Leather" to "Jamaica Inn" was not your idea then since it was written by someone other than yourself. He refers to the bondage scene in that movie and you're illustrating his text for Irving Klaw. Did you then just dip into Irving's file for the still from that movie since you hadn't seen it yourself?

I don't remember what I did, but I did see "Jamaica Inn." I was very much into it.

Were you excited by the bondage and gagging scenes in it?

Yes.

Is that one of the first movie scenes you can remember having seen?

No. There were lots of movies and serials before that.

What is the greatest bondage scene you've ever come across in a movie?

Probably one which I never expected to see was the most exciting, maybe because it was such a pleasant surprise, suddenly showing up like that when it was so unexpected. I think it was "The Fuller Brush Man." There were two girls—one a very voluptuous blonde and the one who tied her up on a couch. She sort of sat on her and tied her up. It was one of the most exciting things I had ever seen. I think it was "The Fuller Brush Man." In

"The victim just sort of melts into your arms. What can be better than that?"

magazines, Wonder Woman probably had the most satisfying bondage scenes.

What is the most requested bondage situation you receive?

Oh, God, there is so much. I have to think about that.

If I asked you to draw something for me, how much would it cost?

First of all, I no longer do custom work. Besides, it's too difficult to quote a price until I know exactly what you want and not everybody can tell me what they actually do want. When I was doing custom work, I used to make the mistake of quoting prices before I knew exactly what was wanted. The customer would agree to the price and then ask for something so incredibly complicated and time-consuming that I couldn't afford to do it.

But just to get a handle on it, say you were doing custom work and I ordered a very simple situation—one girl only, in some conventional bondage pose. How much would that cost?

About \$50.00. If I were doing that kind of thing, which I'm not. I'm really too involved with creating new serials. People who buy those are less apt to be disappointed than with something they've specifically requested. It's something I did, not something they asked for, so immediately, it has to be more acceptable.

What is the greatest picture of a bondage scene that you or anyone else has ever drawn?

Well, to me the greatest one I ever did, and I think this is something John Willie did too, was very striking. The girl was bound, leaning against a wall, crying ... pathetic. Beautiful face. Then the dark-haired girl, very sexily puts her hands on both sides of the victim and very teasingly. I've done that a few times and so did John. I think I like the mood and look of it better than anything else. See, I like it when the girl being tied up is not just going to be left like that, but is going to have something else done to her by the woman who tied her. The one who has done the tying is obviously going to have some pleasure and maybe so is the victim. In that case, it is a mutual situation. The victim just sort of melts into your arms. What can be better than that?

The interview was over, and Eric Stanton invited me to see the sketches he had been working up on the psychological husband and wife story. During this portion of our meeting he became more animated, more enthused. He moved through the story boards, flipping them over one by one, carefully explaining how the husband builds up to telling his beautiful wife that he wants to spank her, while she tries to figure out how to get him to take her forcibly, to bind her and then have her.

As the psyches of Stanton's characters approached their inexorable confrontation, I realized the worth to some people of even these preliminary sketches, which, despite the awesome prices they could command, would be thrown away once their storyline purposes had been served. Such economics have no meaning to Eric Stanton.

It was early June and Manhattan's afternoon rain began falling, and, after all the things we had talked about on this day, it was only here, watching the man move through his art, that I really began to understand him. Clearly, he is a man who does exactly what he wants, who works at his joy. And, just as clearly, he will continue doing —pursuing? —this thing only for the rest of his life. He breathes fresh logic into Sir James Barrie's quote that "Nothing is really work unless you would rather be doing something else."

We said goodbye then and I left him with his work. I stepped out the front door and into the rain and began looking for a cab. I called one over and then turned around and looked back at the building, in private appreciation of the intriguing secrets it held. Up there, behind one of those windows, were some of the sweetest fantasies ever to invade human sense. Someday, people would walk over this space where this building had stood and not know what had been inside it, an unfair irony of timing.

Now the cabby was shouting at me to move it and I shook off the reverie, at the same time discovering that I was soaked from the rain. It didn't matter. I got in and the cab pulled away from the curb and turned left into traffic, out of fantasy and back into reality, back to where Stanton doesn't dwell □



Cleveland Bondage Beauty
CHERYL ROTHMAN



Bondage Life Presents

Beauties In A Bind

Starring Bondage Wife & Bondage Waif

Chapter 2



Bondage Wife: Come on ... have a ball. Ha, ha, there ...
it's most becoming.

Bondage Waif: Wow ... what hit me? Arms and hands tied,
and tugh, this lovely ball.



Oh, my ... what does she intend to do? ...
All comfy? Now, just a little walk so everyone can see how
pretty you look.



No ... nooooo ... please, not like this ... I can't even resist
... oh, darling ... why?
Come, little sheep ... off to the party.



You #* "#XX*# ... you just wait till I get free ... I'll show
you how to use ropes!!
Very brave and noble dear, but that may be quite awhile
... here, try this glove for size ... my, my ... such language.



Yes ... good and tight ... seems to be a perfect fit ... and it's
your color too!
Oh ... no ... please ... it's far too tight! Sob ... Sob!



You're just mean ... I'll ... nngghhh, mmmphhh, arbragh

... Chip, chip, chip ... I've heard enough ... I think it's time
for another gag.



Not that horrible thing! Oh, please ... Oh, no, nooo ... I'll
be quiet, I'll ...

But it goes so well with your single glove. Besides I can
use a little peace and quiet.



Oh, gads, ... I can't even mumble ... this darn thing. Oh,
no ... not tighter!

How pretty! Just a bit tighter to remind you it's not there
just to look good.



Wasn't this a nice birthday surprise dear? 17 (splat), 18
(splat), 19 (splat), quit squirming, 20 (splat) ... COME ON
IN GANG!

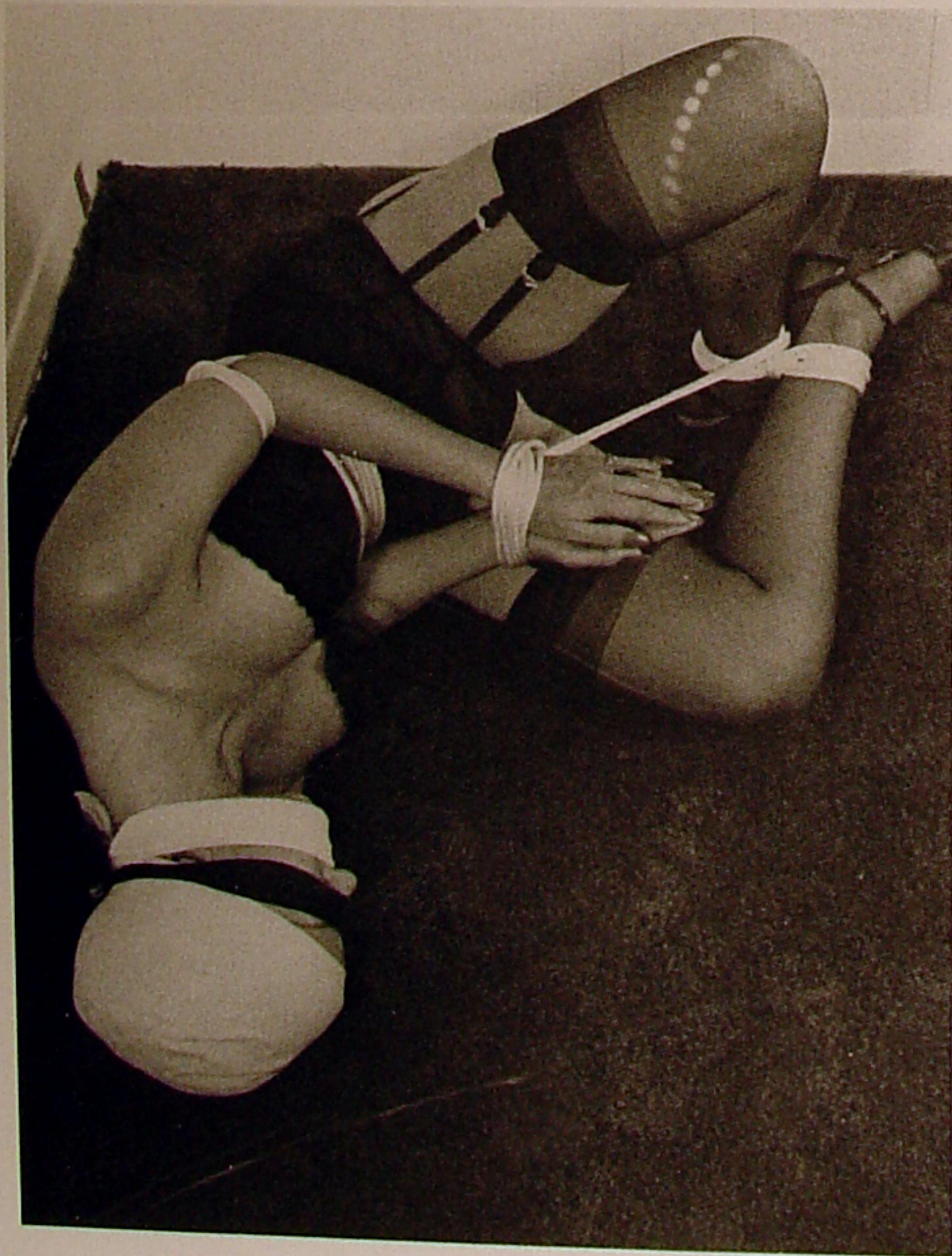
Ouch! Ow ... She'll pay for this ... damn it hurts ... ouch ...
sob ...!

Request Bondage

Bathing Caps —
The Crownning Glory
Of Bondage



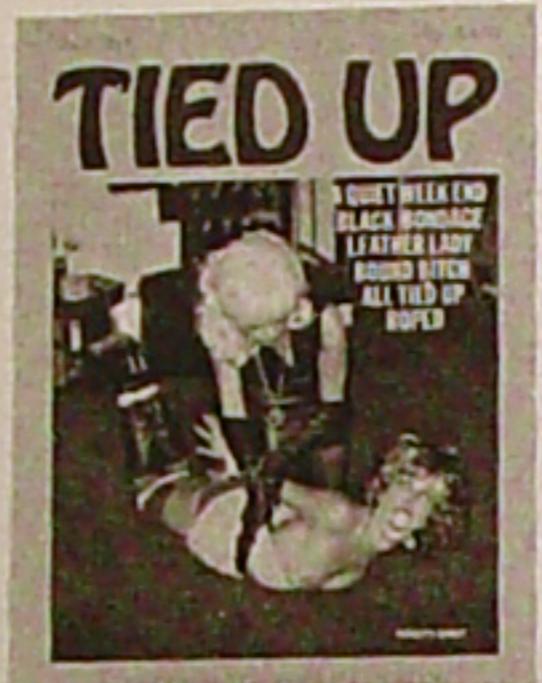
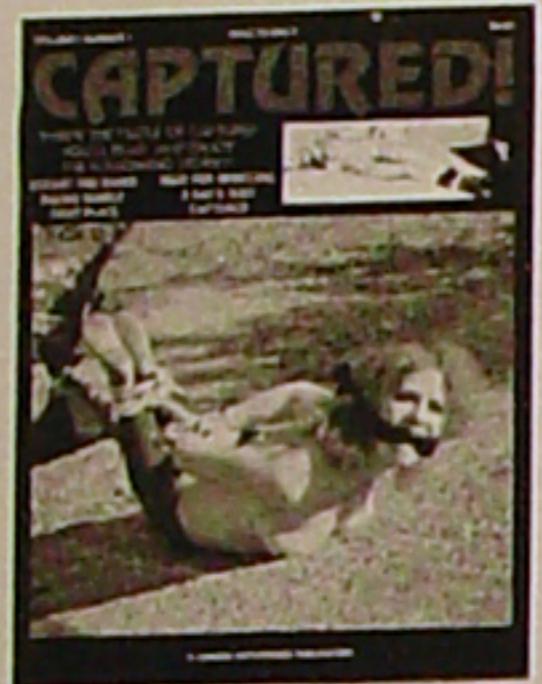
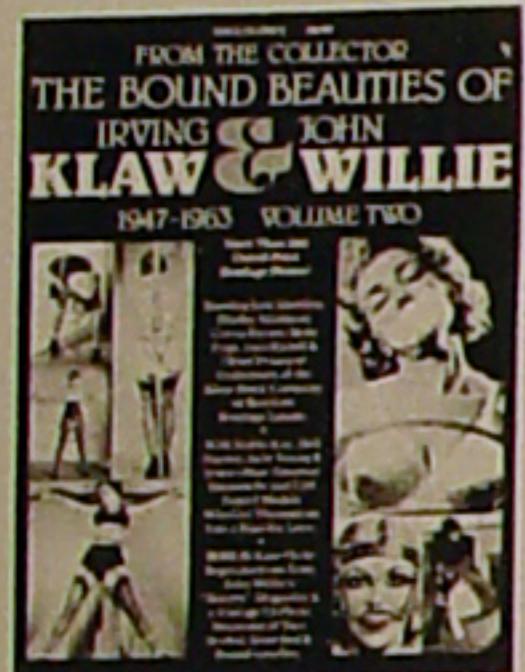
Bathing capped Damsels in Distress were a popular Irving Klaw item a quarter-century ago, and we reprise that lovely theme now in answer to the many requests we have received.



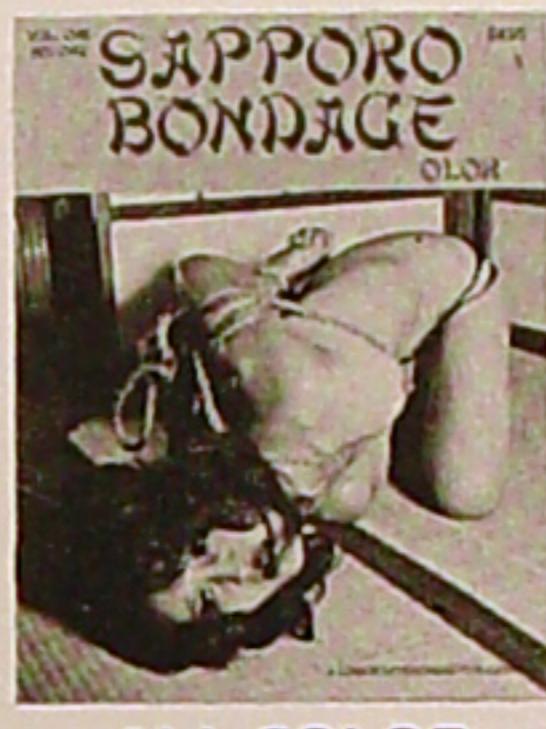


Bondage Magazines

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ORIENTAL BEAUTIES



ALL COLOR



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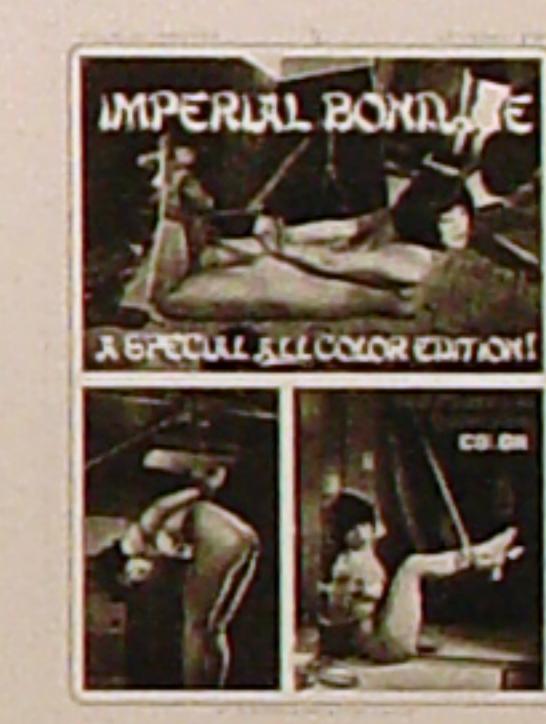
ADULTS ONLY



ALL COLOR



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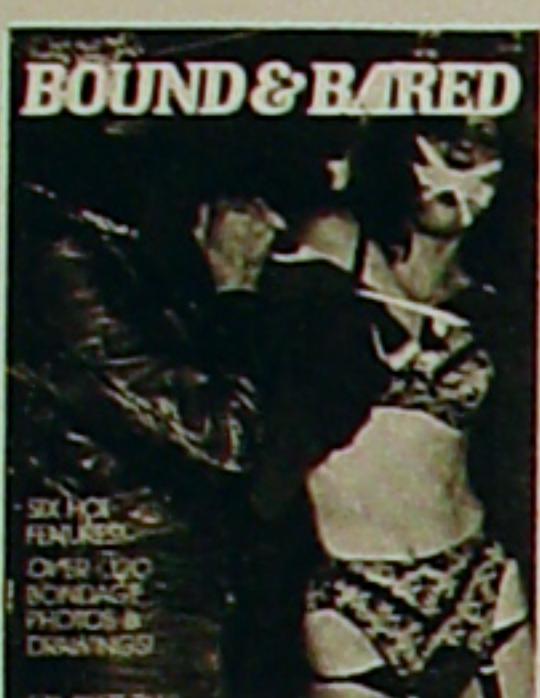
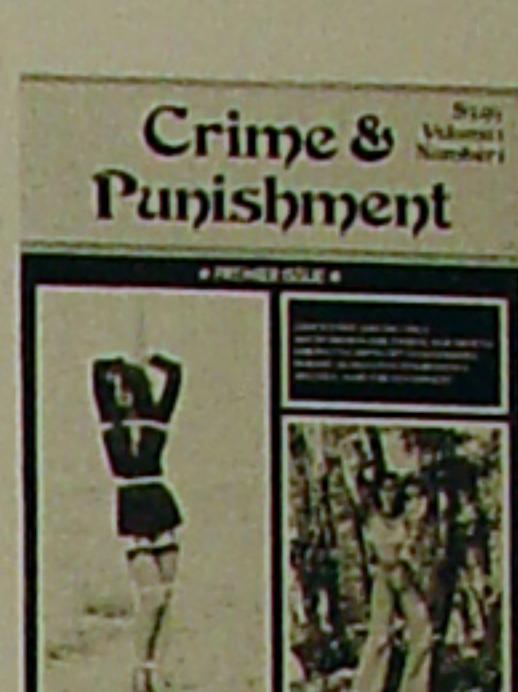
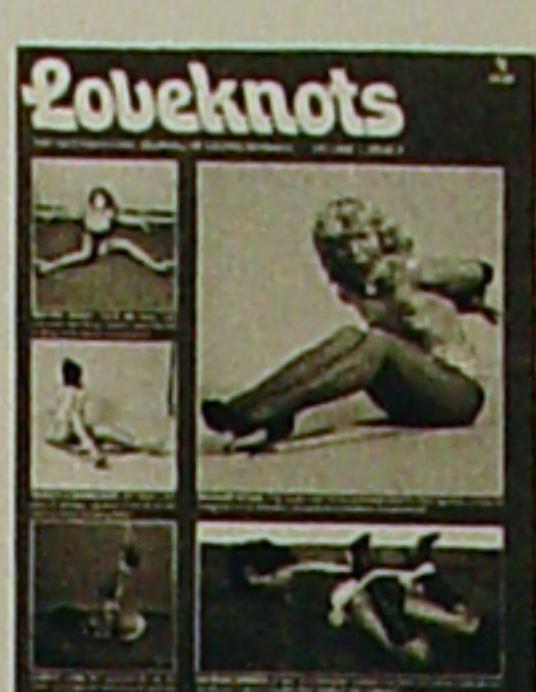
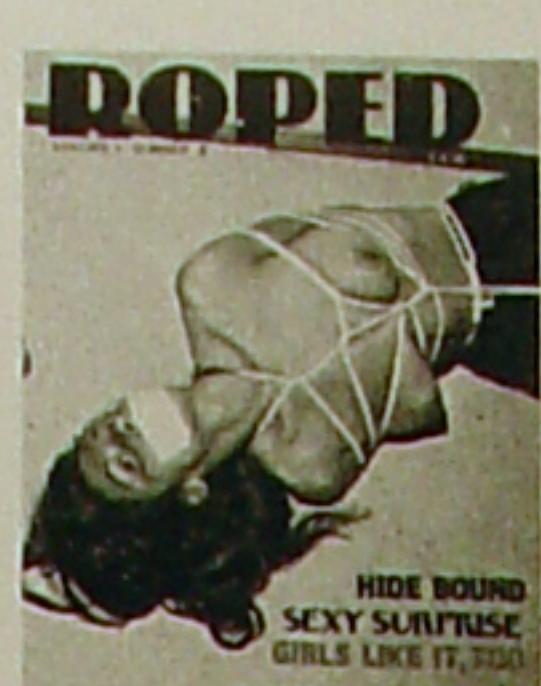


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ENCLOSED, YOU'LL FIND \$ IN CASH, CHECK, OR MONEY ORDER FOR THE ITEMS CHECKED ABOVE. I AM ALSO TAKING THE 10% DISCOUNT FOR BUYING SIX OR MORE MAGAZINES AT THIS TIME. FURTHER, I CERTIFY THAT I AM AT LEAST 21 YEARS OF AGE.

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<input type="checkbox"/> HOT FOX BONDAGE 1/3	\$4.50
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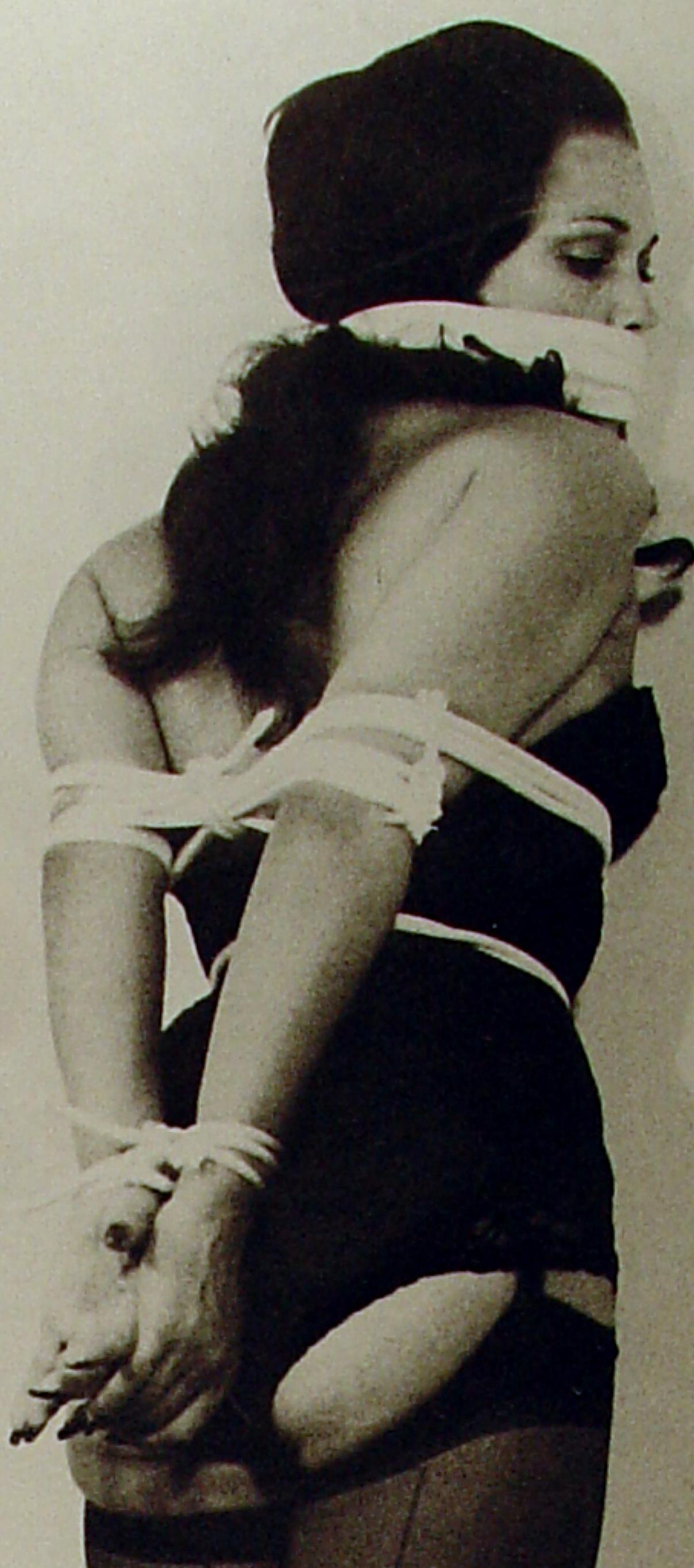
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Jennifer Miles -Packaged Nicely

Former Bondage Life cover girl Jennifer Miles is shown prettily trussed and gagged, the first time ever in her life. We plan on tying and gagging her at least a hundred times more, each time a little more tightly than before.



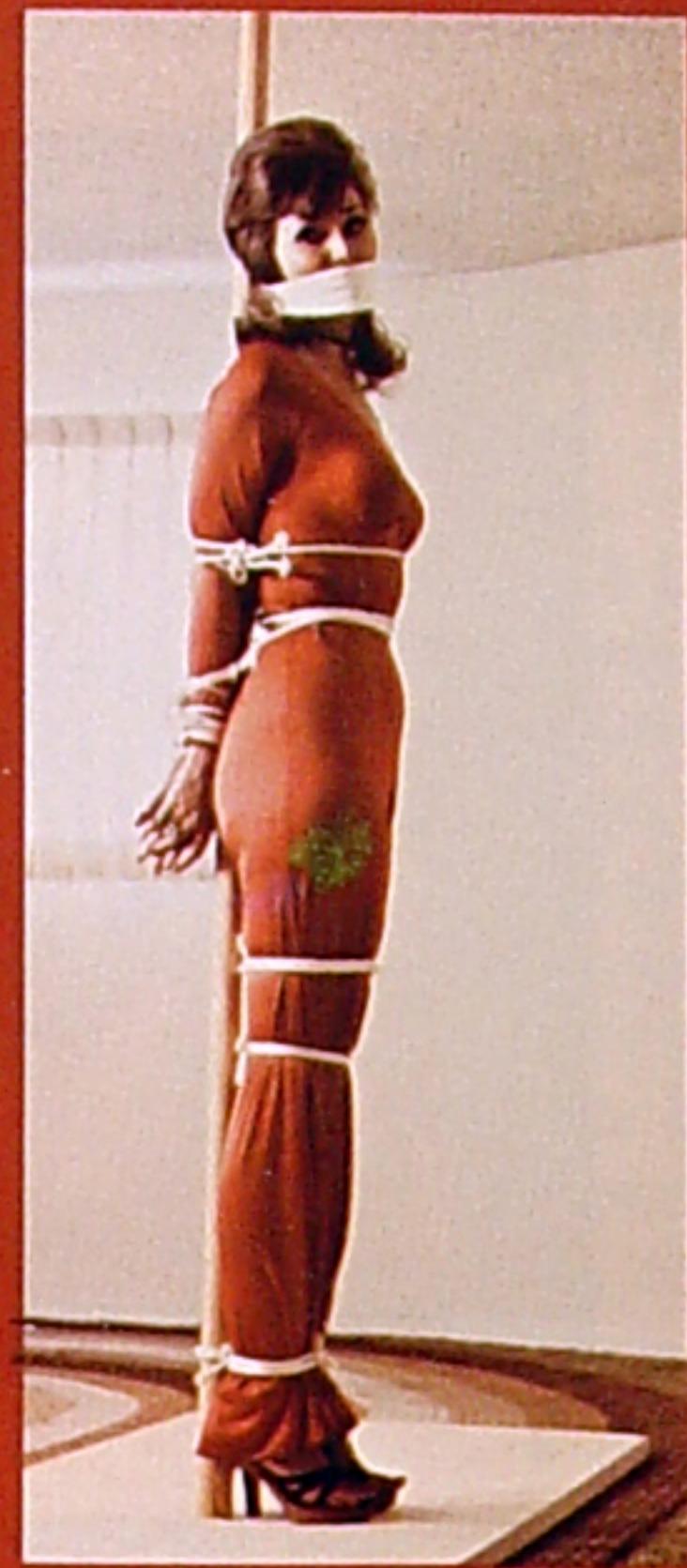








PORTRAITS of JENNIFER



We kept Jennifer West just like this for several hours in order to get just the right attitudes. Next time, we'll make things even tighter for her. In fact, we told her that we are going to tie and gag her tighter than anybody has ever been tied and gagged before. We're looking forward to it. Maybe she is too.

BONDAGE LIFE MOVIE PHOTO QUIZ



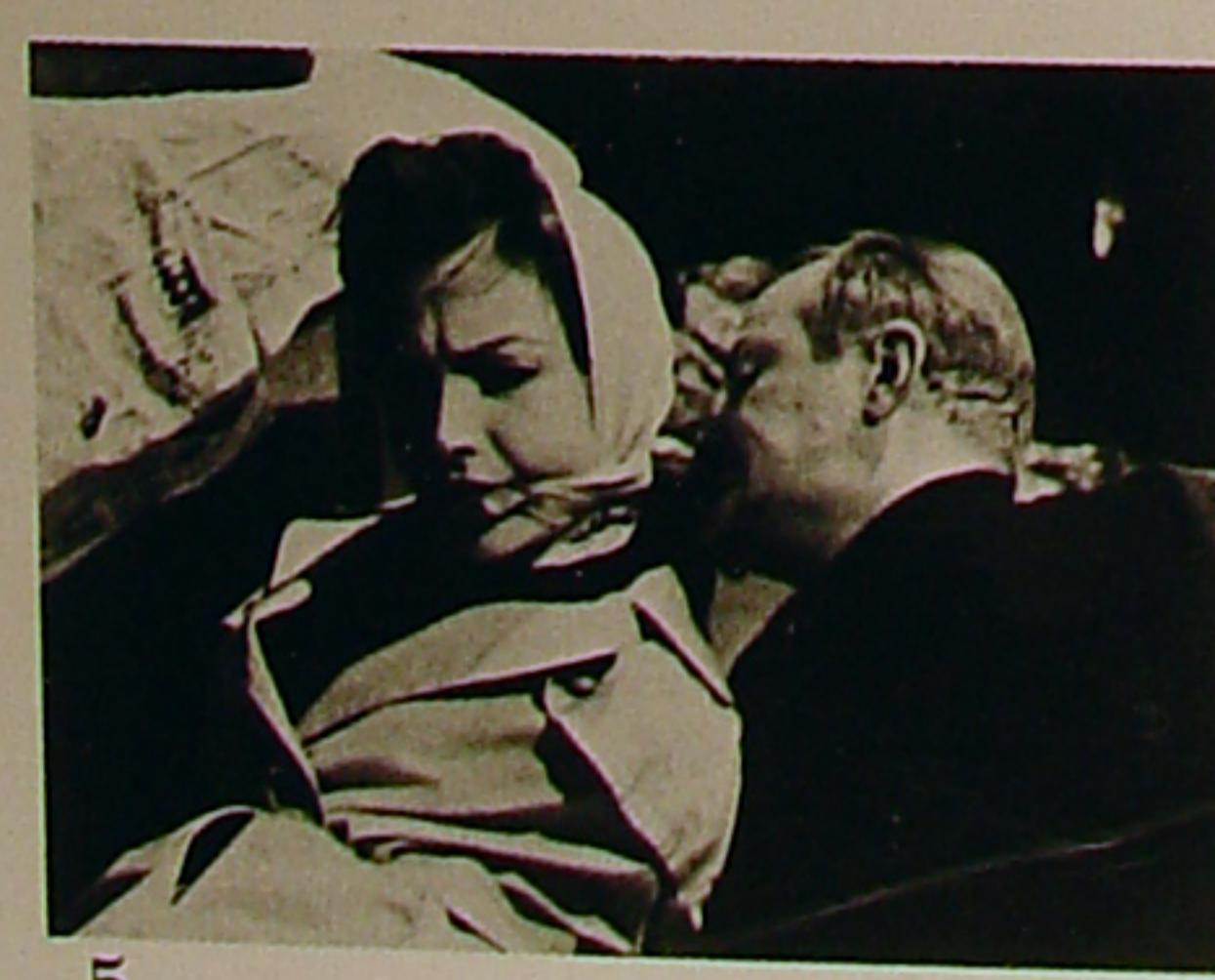
2



3



4



5



6

Silent screen time again. Your job is to match each of these marvelously muted movie stars' photo with her name and the film in which these serene scenes appeared. Answers on page 55. All photos courtesy Paula Klaw of Movie Star News, 212 East 14th Street, New York, New York 10003

A. Betty Hutton "The Perils of Pauline" #4

B. Pat Clavin "The Man Who Couldn't Walk" #5

C. Wanda Hendrix "The Highwayman" #6

D. Esther Williams "Jupiter's Darling" #3

E. Maureen O'Hara "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" #2

F. Genevieve Bujold "Obsession" #1

BULLETIN NO. 2

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS BOX 780 NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 91603

We are pleased to present this first revised catalog of Harmony's materials. Newer items will be introduced in future bulletins.

When ordering, please use the coupon which appears in all Harmony catalogs. Orders will not be shipped unless a properly-completed coupon accompanies the order. Thank you for your cooperation.

Bondage Life, Volume One

The most complete and beautifully composed bondage magazine in history. 80 lovely pages of fiction and fact, text and photos of sweet Damsels in Distress. A dramatic question and answer interview with Master Gallery's Joanne Link, a motion picture bondage photo quiz, Bondage Wife, a model release form for bondage photographers and much more. \$6 cash, check or money order. Add \$1 for postage and handling.



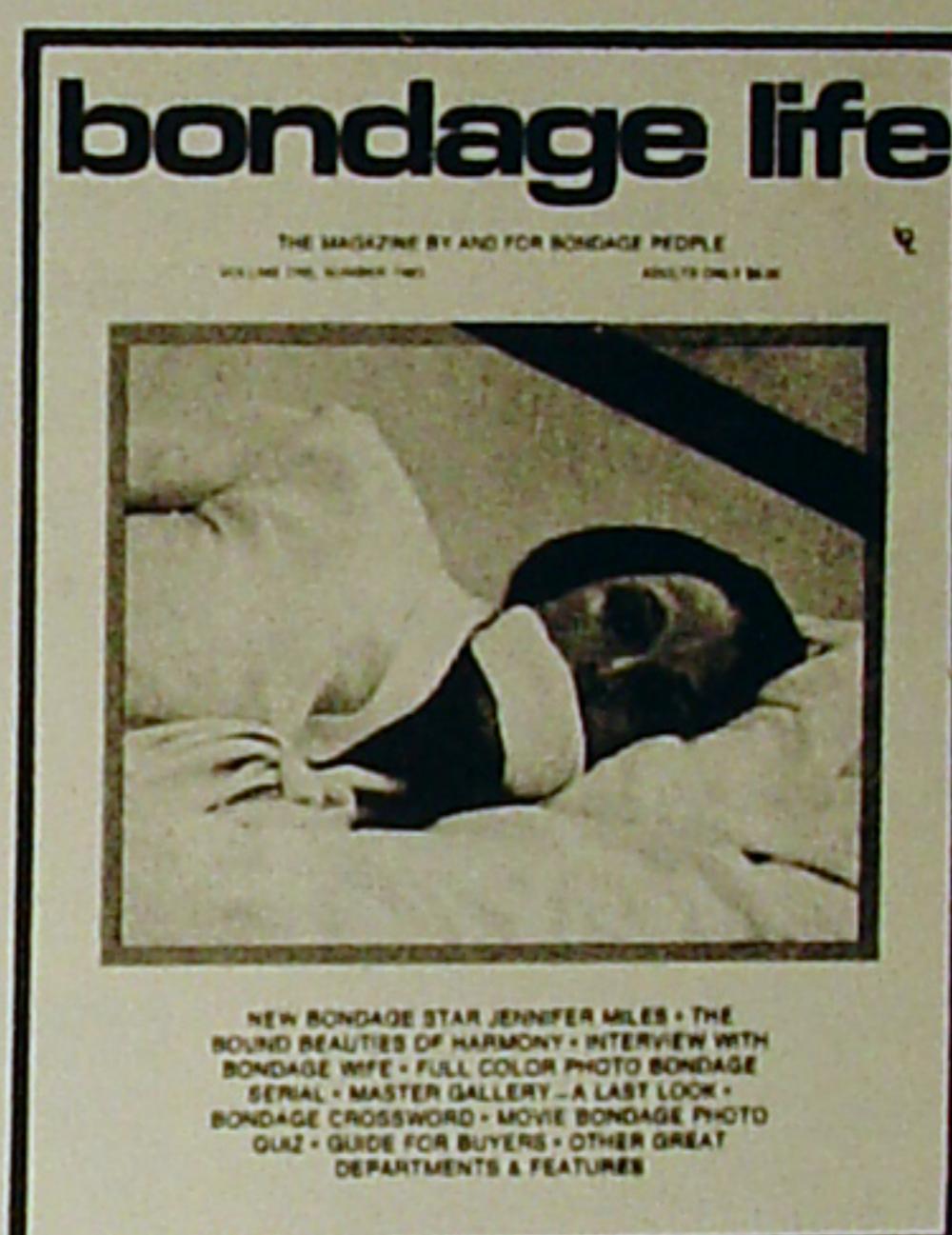
"On balance, it is probably the best bondage magazine to date...the showcase bondage magazine all male bondagephiles should show their ladies...a coffee table bondage magazine."

Duke

"By and for bondage people"
High Society
"An exquisitely hot item...the

Bondage Life, Volume Two

The sensational follow-up to the most acclaimed bondage magazine of them all. Again, 80 delicious pages of fiction, fact and photo, plus a personal question and answer interview with Bondage Wife, new Bound Beauty Jennifer Miles, a bondage crossword puzzle, more bondage scenes from the movies. \$6 cash, check or money order, plus \$1 for postage and handling.

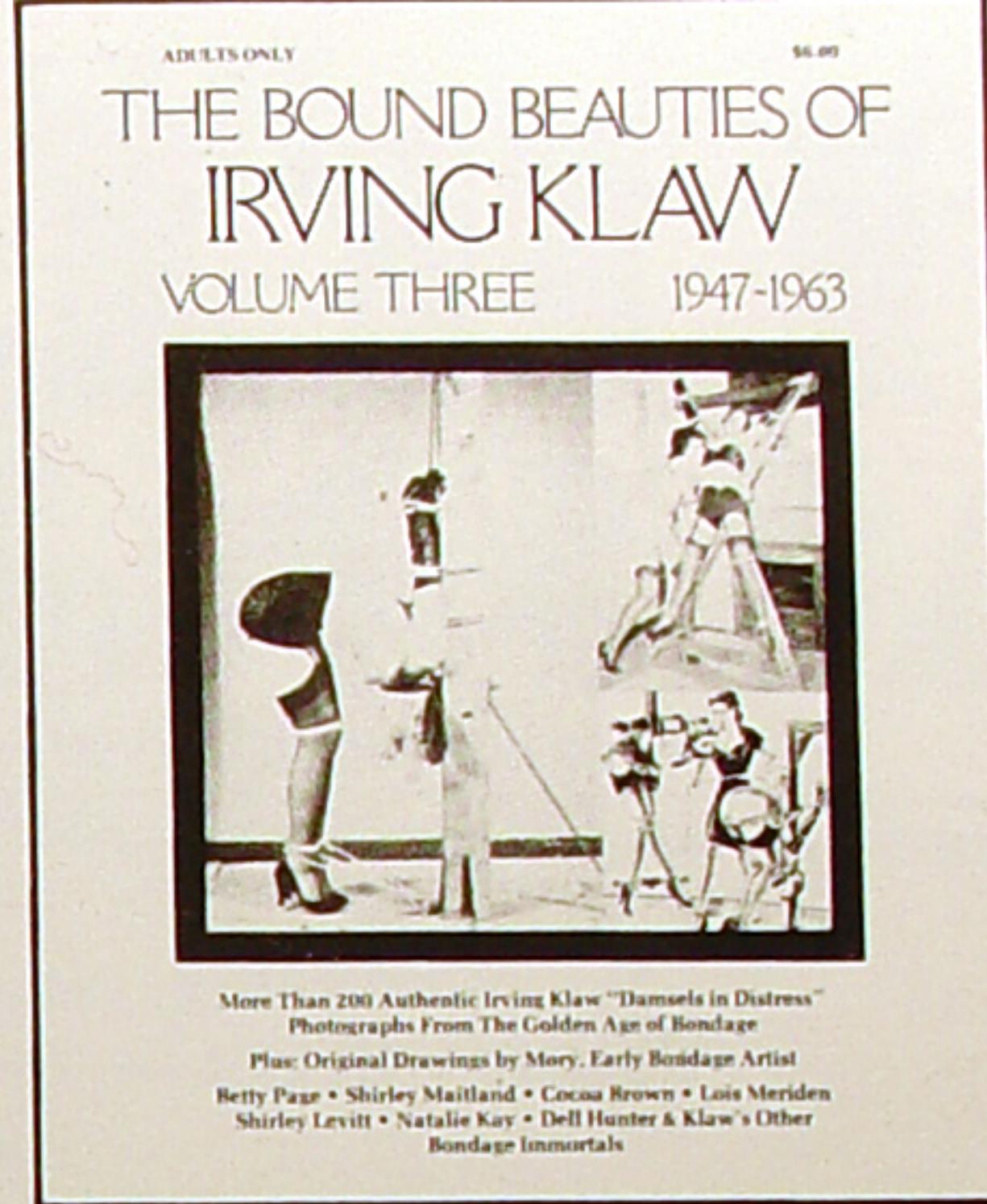
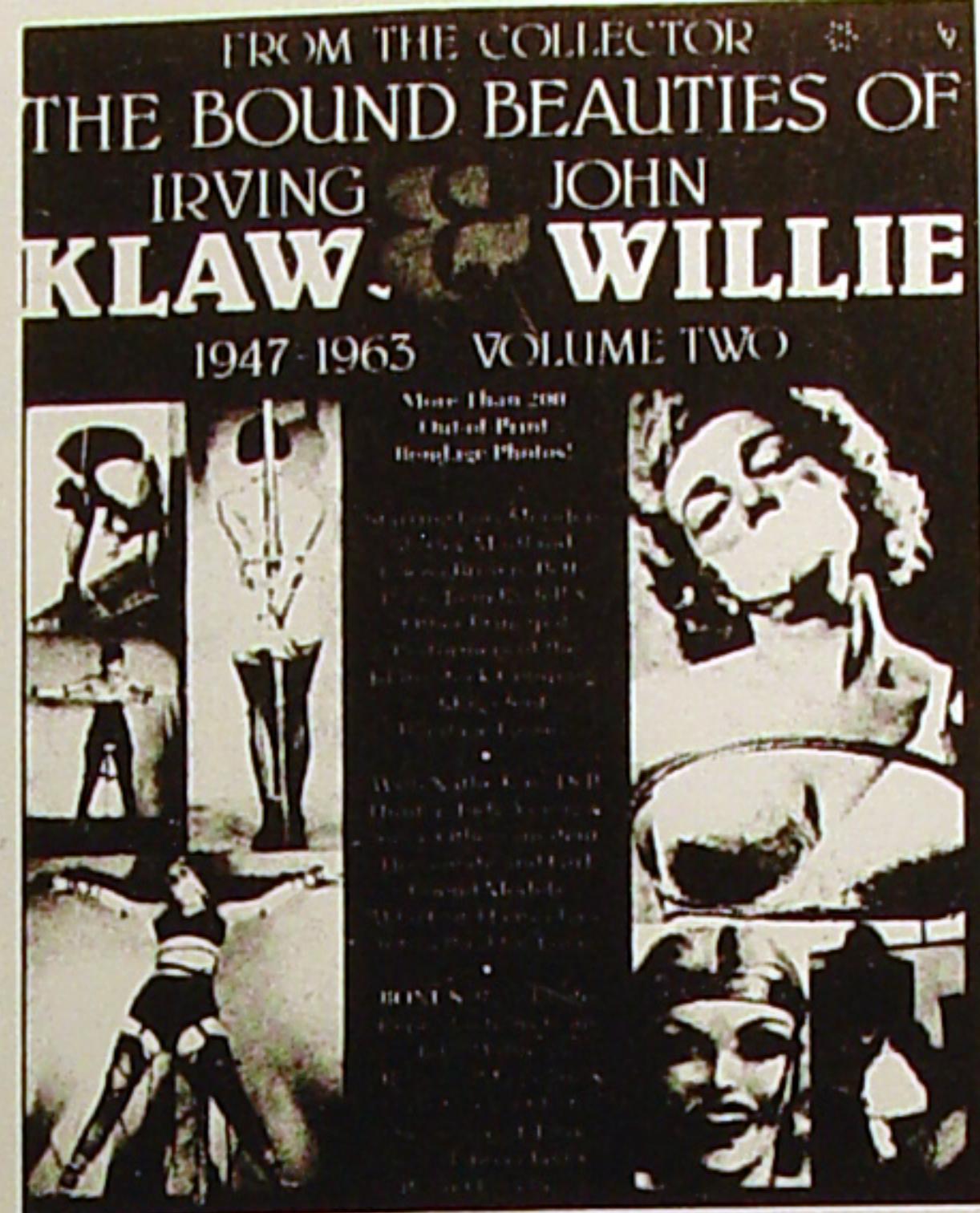
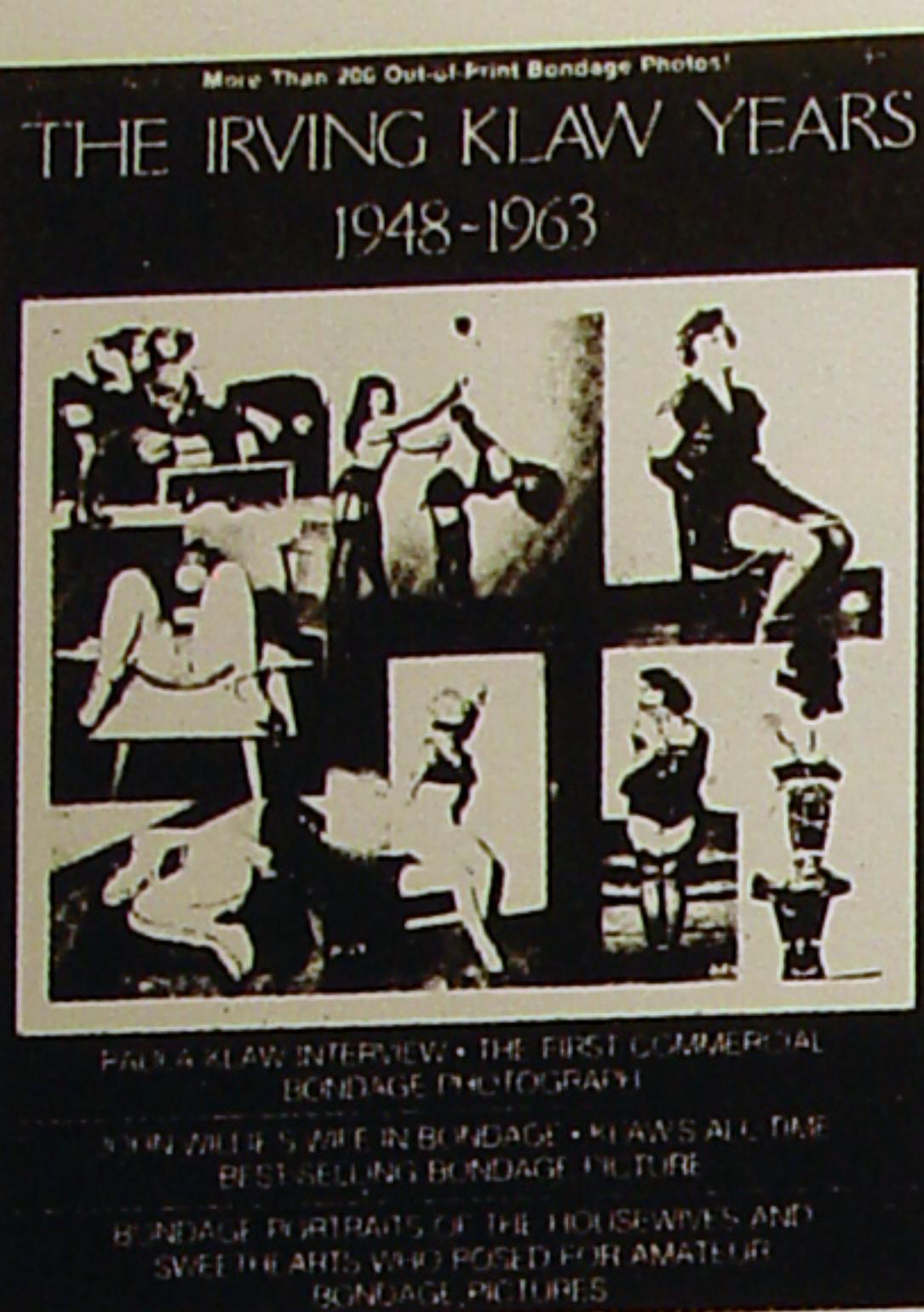


finest quality adult bookstore publication of its type we've ever seen...actually outshines many of the latest 'legit' men's mags in terms of layout, models and erotic appeal..."

San Francisco Ball

"An absolute gem...bondage fans have never seen anything like this."

Fetish Times



"Girls, girls, girls. Girls in sinewy black-leather lingerie, hog-tied, mouths taped shut, writhing on the floor a few tantalizing inches from the telephone. Helpless girls in thigh-length, stiletto-heel black boots, silenced by stickballs crammed into their mouths, tied from ankles to ponytail and crucified upside down. Naughty girls strapped across chairs, squirming, their wicked little asses sticking up and pleading for well-deserved spankings from other black-leather girls. Girls strung out. Girls hung up. Girls in every imaginable form of human bondage."

"This is the legacy of the great Irving Klaw, the man hailed as both 'the pinup king' and 'the first commercial bondage photographer.' His landmark achievements have finally been memorialized in **Irving Klaw, 1948-1963**, a stately collection of more than 200 out-of-print classic Klaws, a biography and a spellbinding interview with Klaw's top assistant, his sister, Paula Klaw."

OUI

"...enough to drive a novice knot-tier to distraction. If bondage is your bag, \$8 will bring you over 200 photos..."

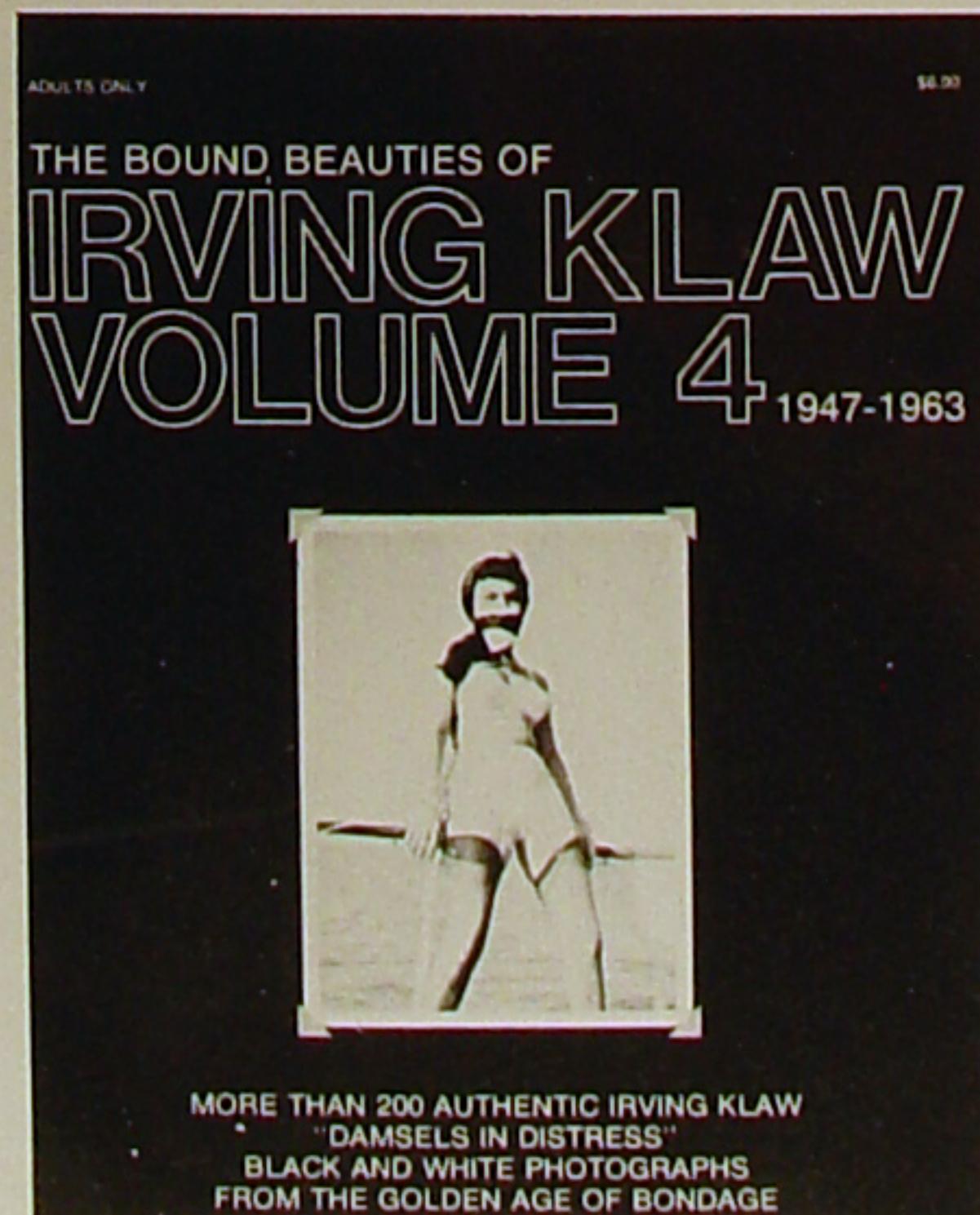
NUGGET

"A bondage blast from the past! This is it lads. The biggest bona fide bondage book to date... A check or money order for \$6.00 will put this carnal collectors editions of antique erotica right in your own mailbox."

HIGH SOCIETY

"...the volumes showcase the best photography produced and distributed by Klaw. The books are important because the mail order bondage impresario destroyed all his negatives when he left the business in 1963."

HUSTLER



"Harmon... has documented with loving care the years of Irving Klaw's reign as king of mail-order bondage... a natural must for B&D addicts and collectors or erotica in general."

PIX

"...crammed with more than 200 imaginative photos of underwear-clad ladies who are roped, chained, shackled, tamed, tied and, best of all, gagged."

SCREW

"The re-issuing of more than 200 classical, long out-of-print bondage photos by Irving Klaw is the best news for fans of the genre since Pussy Galore was all tied up in knots by Goldfinger."

HIGH SOCIETY

"The Klaw publication is a true classic, a veritable bonanza for the long-time collector or the newcomer. The few well-chosen words and captions trace the history of Klaw's business, including his battles with the censors."

FETISH TIMES

"Harmony Communications has put together... 200 original bondage photographs..."

PUB

The Irving Klaw Years, 1948-1963

\$8.00

With 200 original bondage photos, and full-page blowups of the most historic bondage photos ever produced. Plus a stunning question-and-answer interview with Paula Klaw about the business she and her brother operated a quarter-century ago. ALSO: A beautiful full-page picture of John Willie's wife in bondage. A biographical sketch of Irving Klaw. Some bondage photos which Irving Klaw never attempted to sell. A full-page reproduction of the best-selling bondage photo of all. Collector's item photos from the first known commercial bondage photo session. Pictures of the housewives, girlfriends and other amateurs who sent pictures of themselves in bondage to Klaw for distribution... and much more!

The Photos of Irving Klaw & John Willie, Volume 2 \$6.00

The sequel to "The Irving Klaw Years." This time, crammed with more than 250 original black and white pictures from the Golden Age of Bondage. Plus, a magnificent selection of John Willie's best bondage photos, including a rare photo sequence of two booted and riding-breeched beauties tightly tieing and gagging each other under the direction of master bondsman Willie. And a bonus assortment of Willie photos from the 40's and 50's.

The Photos of Irving Klaw, Volume 3 \$6.00

Our third volume devoted to Klaw and the great years of bondage photography, starring Betty Page and Lois Meriden, Cocoa Brown, Eve Rydell, Shirley Maitland and others, plus some of the breathtaking bound-and-gagged poses of the housewives and girlfriends who got themselves into a bind for love. Plus a bonus assortment of bondage drawings by early bondage illustrator Mory.

THE PHOTOS OF IRVING KLAW, VOLUME FOUR \$6.00

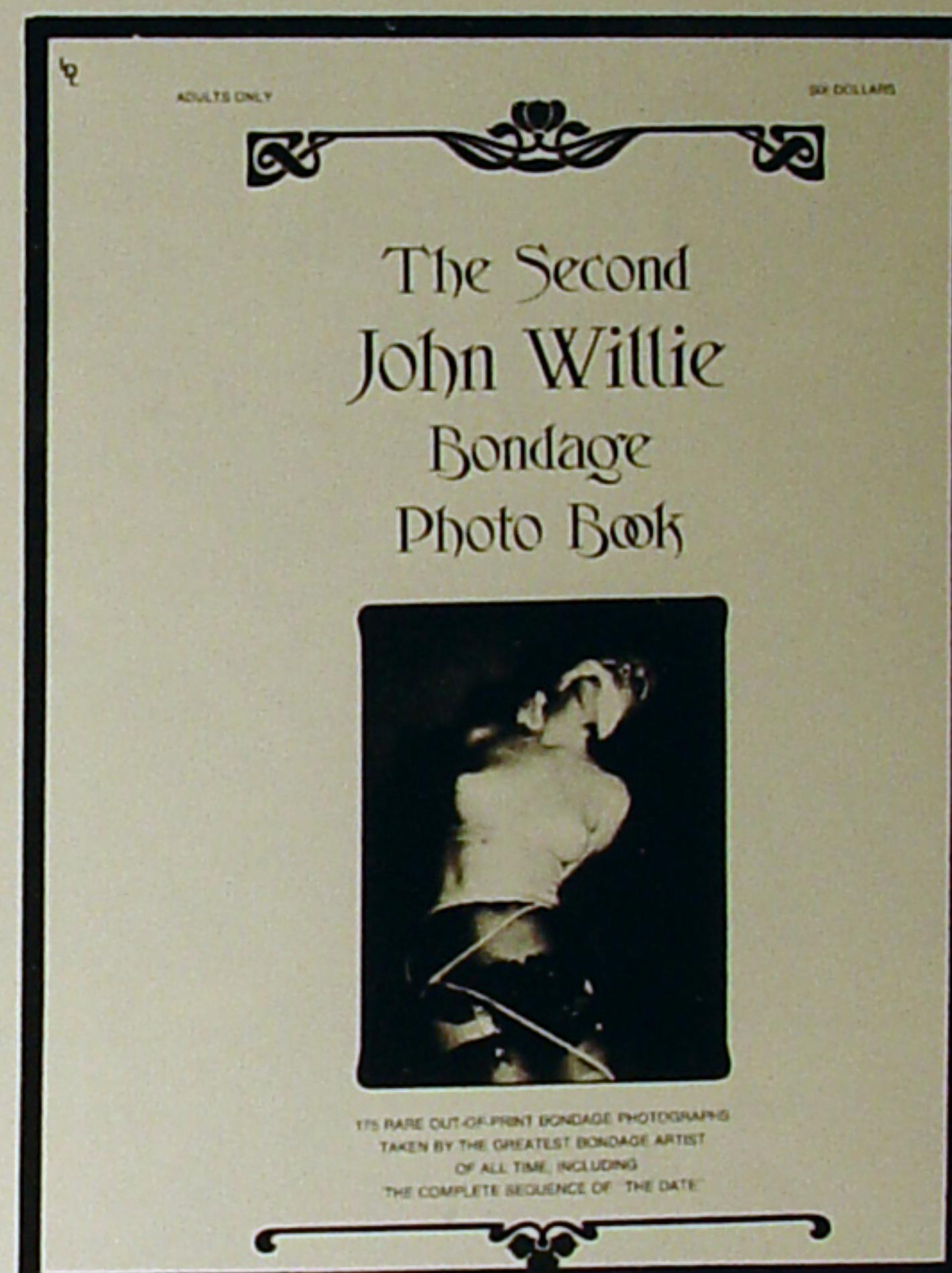
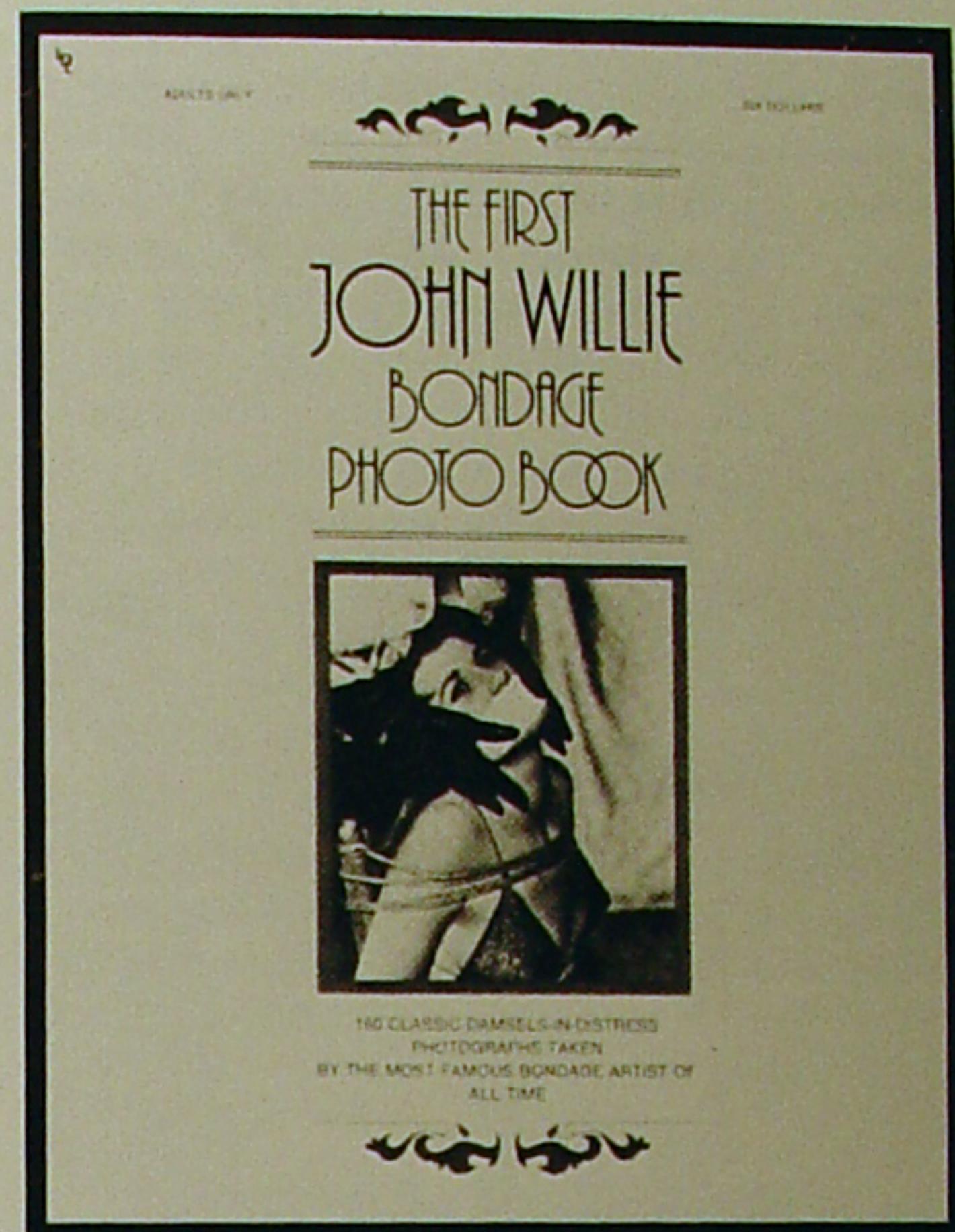
More delicious bondage from the files of Irving Klaw, starring Betty Page, Lillie Dawn, June King, Cocoa Brown, Bettie Henderson, Kelly Harris, and many, many more beauties of bondage. Over 200 classic photos from the golden age of bondage!

THE IRVING KLAW ARCHIVES \$5

A Sensational Treasury of old Irving Klaw catalogs, drawn from the Golden Age of Bondage, 1948-1954. The quantity of catalog pages in this newspaper size publication has been drawn from more than 10 of the full-size "Cartoon and Model Parade" booklets which Klaw published twice a year. Here is the most fabulous collection of classic bondage photos ever assembled, shown just as Klaw presented them more than twenty-five years ago.

THE FIRST JOHN WILLIE BONDAGE PHOTO BOOK

A well-mounted 64 page magazine collection of the classic black and white bondage photographs of the beloved creator of "Sweet Gwendoline." The full span of Willie's bondage photography, including photos of Mrs. John Willie in bondage. \$6 cash, check or money order, plus \$1 for postage and handling.



THE SECOND JOHN WILLIE BONDAGE PHOTO BOOK \$6

A wonderful collector's item. Here is our concluding John Willie volume. More photos of Holly Willie, Judy Dull and the other lovely lasses, John Willie tied up for modeling. Plus, the complete John Willie bondage photo story, "The Date."

NEW KLAW CLASSIC FILM RE-ISSUE

"Perils of Lois" 200 Foot Black & White 8MM Film - \$20.00

This classic Irving Klaw bondage movie, starring Lois Meriden and her two brunette captors, sold in 1951 for \$29.90. The print is slightly aged, but very worthwhile since it is one of the most outstanding bondage films Klaw ever made. Lois is captured and stripped of her skirt and blouse. With only white panties and bra, black elbow-length gloves, garters, hose and high heels to shield her modesty, she is then mercilessly tied and gagged. First, her wrists are bound behind her. Then, she is muffled into silence by a black scarf gag. Her elbows are drawn tightly together and pinioned with more rope. Then, her ankles, knees and thighs are bound. With each new tie, her struggles grow more feeble until she is finally ensnared into total helplessness. Her captors leave her to writhe on the floor. Despite her stringent bondage, the plucky Lois painstakingly begins pulling herself toward a door. But, as she makes uncomfortable progress along the floor, her tormentors reappear and decide to make her bondage even more secure. They haul her up onto her feet and draw a new rope around her wrists and toss its other end up over an overhead bar. By pulling the end of this rope down, they draw Lois's tightly bound wrists and elbows ever upward, finally locking her in that position. They leave her to wiggle vainly for her freedom. After awhile, exhausted, Lois surrenders to her tight bondage. In our opinion, this is one of the best Klaw bondage movies of all time.



IRVING KLAW B&W 8MM MOVIE "SPREADEAGLED GIRL"

(Please note:- This is the same film which was advertised in "The Bound Beauties of Irving Klaw & John Willie, Volume Two" on page 79 as "Collectors Dream Film." You may have already acquired it from Harmony.)

Here is a classic black and white 8mm 2-part bondage film starring Helena Bonds and Jane Graystone, which was photographed nearly 30 years ago. Klaw sold this film in 2 parts of 100 feet each for \$15 each part. Purchase price from Harmony now is \$20 total for both parts. Here is the language Klaw used in describing the film: "The movie starts with Helena dragging in sorority recruit Jane who is attired in bra and pantie outfit and tying her arms overhead and then later on spreadeagling Jane on the floor to four ring bolts. At the finish, which was photographed with new close-up telephoto lens, Helena sits on the victim and calmly smokes a cigarette. The finish alone is worth the price of the entire movie, so be sure to purchase this interesting movie."

PLEASE ADD \$1 TO EACH BOOK ORDERED FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING. Complete the coupon below and return it with the proper payment (cash, check or M.O.) to Harmony Communications. No orders will be filled if completed form is not included with order.

BULLETIN NO. 2

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Signature _____

GENTLEMEN:

Enclosed is my payment in full for

I have included \$1 for postage and handling for each publication I have ordered. I certify that I am at least 21 years of age. I also certify that I am aware that you are sending me sexually-oriented material which is for my own individual use and will not be resold, copied, or in any way distributed or redistributed, including to minors.

AT LAST!... BOUND BEAUTY PHOTO SETS FROM HARMONY!

Finally, in response to hundreds of requests, Harmony has assigned a photographer to produce Bound Beauty photo sets.

We are offering four exclusive sets, consisting of eight 4 X 5 glossy photos each set for \$5 per set postpaid. All four sets \$20 postpaid. These debut bondage photos feature buxom Heidi Kester and are titled A-1, A-2, A-3 and A-4.

All orders filled promptly. State that you are over 21.

A-1 (8 Photos \$5)

This wonderful set emphasizes stringent arm, elbow and wrist bondage, with Heidi Kester shown wearing soft black above-the-elbows kid-leather gloves, white peasant blouse, black full skirt, seamed stockings and snakeskin high heels.

Heidi's gloved hands have been placed palms facing and her wrists have been diabolically tied together and then secured to her waist. More rope has drawn her leather-encased elbows together and fastened them to her upper torso. A soft black scarf gag has been tightly tied into her mouth, holding her tongue down, and gagging her effectively.

The bondage and Heidi are delicious! All photos sharp and crisp.

A-2 (8 Photos \$5)

Heidi Kester is shown in the famous wrist drawn high up behind the back position. Again, the arm, elbow and wrist bondage is superb. In these photos, ropes also bind Heidi at her knees and ankles. She is dressed as in the A-1 series. The black scarf gag has been thrust into her mouth and knotted tightly behind her head.

A-3 (8 Photos \$5)

"En Crapaudine" finds the gagged Heidi helplessly ensnared in the hog-tied position, her skirt removed in this set to reveal black panties, garters and stockings. The bondage on her wrists and ankles is tight and inescapable. A stark white handkerchief has been thrust between her lips, emphasizing her pretty face. There are various views of this situation. Photography is excellent.

A-4 (8 Photos \$5)

Heidi, barefoot now, is gagged and bound and then tightly lashed to a length of dowling which has been placed behind her, traveling down the length of her gorgeous body. Naturally, buxom Heidi is silenced, this time with a pretty red scarf between her teeth, which films gray. True bondage lovers will appreciate the beauty of these pictures, all of which are destined to become classics in the Klaw and Willie tradition.

A-1



A-2



A-3



A-4



HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS
Box 780
North Hollywood, California 91603



Sirs:

Please send me your Bound Beauty Photo sets. I have enclosed \$5 for each set ordered and certify that I am at least 21 years old and am aware that the material I am requesting may be considered sexually-oriented. This material is for my own individual use and will not be resold, copied, or in any way distributed or redistributed, including to minors.

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NAME _____

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